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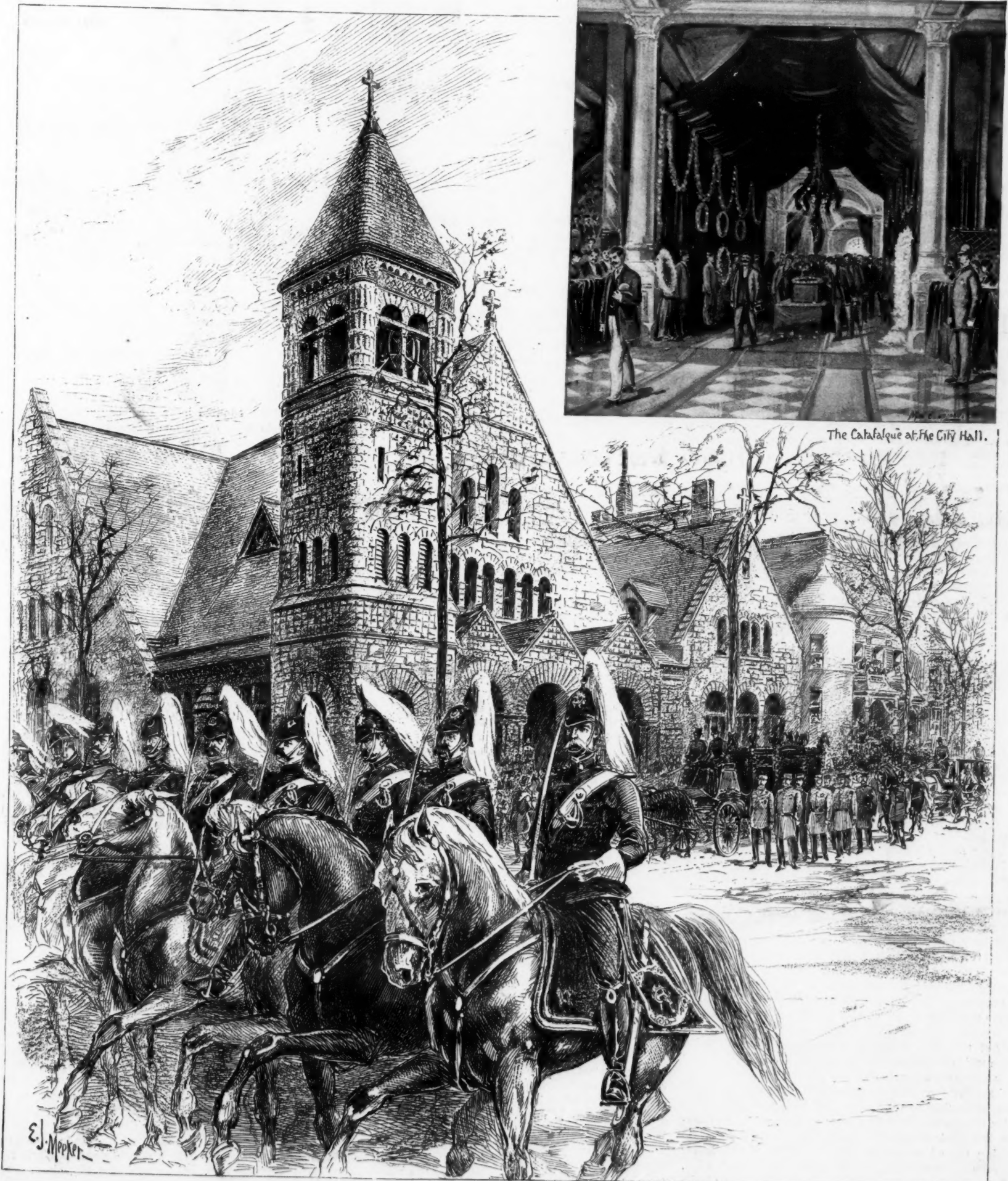
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16, 1893.

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The Catafalque at the City Hall.

OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE CARTER H. HARRISON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS, ESCORTED BY THE CHICAGO HUSSARS, AT THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. W. TAYLOR AND SKETCHES BY MAX GUNDLACH.—[SEE PAGE 317.]



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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELLPublisher.

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Attitude of the Silver Senators.

THE declaration of one of the silver Republican Senators that those who stood with him would avenge themselves upon the party for its "desertion" of the silver interests by hereafter refusing to support it as to party questions appears to have been without authority in the facts of the case, and must be accepted as voicing merely the thought of the person who made it. Senator Dubois, the able young Senator from Idaho, who was conspicuous for the vigor and tenacity of his opposition to repeal, repudiates with emphasis the imputation that the silver men propose to resort to the vendetta in politics, and declares that he, for one, does not mean to abandon his convictions on other subjects because his views on the silver question have been rejected by the country. This is undoubtedly the position of all the silver Republicans of the Senate, with possibly one exception.

The New York Sun, in a recent article, insists that the criticisms to which the minority of the Senate have been subjected for their prolonged opposition to repeal were largely unjust; that such opposition on the part especially of representatives of silver-producing States was natural and proper; and that any other course would have justly exposed these representatives to charges of infidelity to the interests and wishes of their constituents. There is undoubtedly some force in this contention. The repeal of the Sherman act means to the silver States all and more than the repeal of the McKinley act would mean to the manufacturing States of the Union, and the motive for resistance is the same in both cases. The right and duty of the silver Senators to oppose all and any legislation which they conceived to be hostile to the interests of their people are indisputable. It was not the fact of such opposition that provoked criticism and indignation; the popular exasperation resulted from the circumstance that opposition was persisted in long after it was seen to be hopeless, because it became factious and obstructive, and while seeking the advantage of a section exposed the larger interests of the country, as a whole, to enormous damage. It is true, undoubtedly, that there have been other legislative contests which were more protracted, and in which equally obstructive methods were resorted to by the minority. It is true, also, that the country had given

encouragement by its legislation to the silver delusion, and that some warrant existed in that fact for a vigorous and unyielding struggle on the part of those who have profited by that delusion. It is also true that a policy of obstruction in great historic contests in the Senate has frequently resulted in compromise, and that the minority found in this circumstance an inspiration to obstinate resistance. But these considerations, important as they are, are outweighed by the higher consideration that the public interests must be the supreme concern of every legislator, and that, while doing all that he can do legitimately to protect his immediate constituents, he is bound to recognize his obligations to the broader national constituency, and consult their will as the final and determinative standard of action. The Senator of an individual State is the servant of the whole people, and as to questions of national scope and character his allegiance is due primarily to them.

We are of those who have regarded the reversal of our silver policy as vital to the financial welfare of the country, and we have viewed with regret the prolonged delay in the achievement of that result. We have realized that the passage of the act of repeal would seriously affect for the present the prosperity of the silver States. We profoundly regret that it must be so. We would rejoice if the desired result could have been attained without damage to any industry or any class of citizens. But that, in the nature of the case, is impossible. Blunders and mistakes always cost and must be paid for. No people has ever yet adopted a vicious financial or economic policy without incurring penalties more or less severe. Natural laws cannot be defied with impunity. In this case the penalty, paid by the country at large in the losses of the crisis from which we are just emerging, falls at last upon the individual States which have hitherto prospered at the public expense. We lament the fact, but it was and is inevitable. It is the price which the nation pays for its deliverance from a maelstrom of perils.

The Grand Result.

NEW YORK rescued by an overwhelming vote, from the clutch of an insolent and audacious partisan autocracy which dared to affront the moral sense of the State by the nomination of a criminal for the highest judicial office in the State; New Jersey redeemed from the domination of the Democratic race-track alliance which sought to lift gambling to the dignity of a civic virtue; McKinley re-elected Governor of Ohio by oversixty thousand majority; Pennsylvania Republican by a majority of ninety thousand; Massachusetts and Iowa restored to the Republican column by decisive majorities—this is the story of the State elections of the 7th instant.

There has not been in our political history for twenty years a grander result than this. The day will be memorable as that on which the conscience and manhood of the people asserted themselves for the vindication of purity of government and the protection of popular rights against arrogant partisan rings intent only on their own aggrandizement. There is no room for doubt as to the meaning of the result. In this State and New Jersey especially the issue was squarely joined between the forces of evil and the better impulses and tendencies of our civic life. Judge Maynard's nomination in New York was a distinct challenge to the moral sentiment of the State. The Democratic nominations in New Jersey in nearly every county, made in the interest of race track gambling and backed by every vicious element of the State, were a challenge of precisely the same sort. Maynard was buried under an avalanche of votes, and the gamblers were literally obliterated, the Republicans carrying counties in which the Democracy have been for years securely entrenched. In both States the power of a righteous public opinion manifested itself with special emphasis in local contests, as in Brooklyn and Buffalo; and in Jersey City, Camden, and Newark, across the Hudson.

The results in Ohio, Massachusetts, and Iowa are no less suggestive, but bear more directly upon national politics. They show that Democratic policies, formulated and threatened, are obnoxious to the people, and can only be carried out at the risk of overwhelming disaster to the party.

The victory all along the line is the people's victory. The Republican party must accept it as such, and meet in a spirit of broad and enlightened patriotism the obligations it imposes.

A Timely Protest.

THE protest of the Boston Merchants' Association against the continued debauchery of the consular service by the present administration is at once just and timely. This association is mainly composed of persons of the mugwumpian order who have regarded Mr. Cleveland as the ideal civil-service reformer, and who are honestly concerned for the triumph of the "most advanced ideas of good government." They hailed Mr. Josiah Quincy's selection as head of the appointment bureau of the State Department as evidence of a purpose on the part of the administration to "lift the consular service of the country

out of the mire of inefficiency and disrepute into which it had fallen." He was of them and was believed to be loyal to their ideas. They now confess that their expectations have been utterly disappointed; that "there has not only not been a single step forward in the direction which public opinion unmistakably demands, but a complete surrender and retreat such as could not have been conceived as possible of a distinguished son of Massachusetts." Mr. Quincy, they go on to say, has "made consular appointments chiefly a legal-tender for the payment of political obligations and for the perpetuation of political power," thus absolutely abandoning "all common pledges of devotion to the work of reform."

The justice of these criticisms is undeniable. Few of the appointments made by Mr. Quincy have measured up to the highest standard; some of them have been actually disreputable. An illustration of this latter class is afforded in the case of the person appointed as consul to Amoy, China, and recently suspended, while en route to his destination, on charges affecting his personal character. The nature of the charges may be inferred from the fact that the appointee has confessed that he got on a drunken debauch while on his way to San Francisco, and that he turned up in that city in a very demoralized condition, and gravitated by natural affinity to saloon companionships. It is inconceivable that such a person could have been appointed to so responsible a place if there had been even ordinary caution, or any regard whatever to the dignity of the service, on the part of the appointing power. The facts justify the belief that there was nothing of the kind. Possibly if the case stood alone it might be excused, but unfortunately it stands for a class of appointments which are all equally indefensible. The State Department has done well to suspend the disgraced official, but it would have saved itself and the country a real humiliation if it had in the first instance adhered to its professed determination to make capacity and worth the standard of all appointments.

The Boston association, in its manifesto on this general subject, makes one excellent suggestion. This is that some plan should be devised and brought before the present Congress providing for the recognition in law of merit in the consular service, thereby assuring permanence in the service based on efficiency, without regard to partisan considerations. Such a policy is unquestionably desirable; it would elevate and improve the service; and it may, some day, be established in law. But if any man expects to see such a plan adopted by a Democratic Congress, he is doomed to a disappointment as sore and acute as that which has overtaken the Boston admirers of Mr. Josiah Quincy.

Frauds upon the Ballot.



HERE are certain marked tendencies in our political life which are full of menace to the social order. The recent campaign in this and other States was characterized by a spirit of lawlessness and a contempt of popular rights which have never been equaled in aggravated virulence and atrocity. There have been assaults before this upon the purity of the suffrage and the rights of the people, but there has never been a more systematic, deliberate, and formidable attempt to debauch the ballot and prevent a legitimate expression of the popular will than was made in the elections of last week.

The wholesale frauds in registration in this city, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and the enormous illegal poll in districts controlled by politicians of the dangerous class, were parts of an organized conspiracy. There is no doubt at all that in certain districts the ballot-box, instead of being the medium by which the popular will found expression, was converted into an instrumentality for promoting the schemes of political scoundrels. In many cases these outrages upon the ballot were accompanied by acts of intimidation and violence. Citizens solicitous for the purity of elections, and who out of that solicitude undertook to protect the ballot-boxes from outrage, were set upon and driven from the polls by gangs of ruffians hired for the purpose. In some localities, as in Brooklyn, and in one of the counties of New Jersey, where efforts were made to bring to book the perpetrators of an enormous fraudulent legislation, the officials of the law employed their authority for the shelter of the criminals. In both these cases these officials refused to authorize warrants for the arrest of the offenders; and in the New Jersey case the prosecutor of the pleas, an ally of the Gloucester race-track, actually declared that in case indictments were found against them, he would have them immediately dismissed. Such exhibitions of official sympathy with assaults upon the most sacred right of the American citizen, and the tolerance with which the community has come to regard crimes of this character, betray a decadence of patriotic feeling and of civic virtue which may well excite alarm as to the future of the republic.

Obviously there can be no safety to our institutions, no security for the citizen in his person, his property, or his

rights, if he is left to the mercy of influences having their sources and deriving their strength from vice, immorality, and crime. Individual and public security rests upon the intelligence and virtue of the community; where these are honestly and adequately asserted, government and law will always afford ample safeguards. But how can the popular will embody itself effectively in statutory forms and maintain its rightful supremacy where its expression is stifled or perverted by the intrusion of a fraudulent and fictitious suffrage? Government under such conditions is not in any sense of the people or by the people; the verdict of the ballot-box is, in such case, the verdict purely of an artificial electorate, based in fraud and achieving its ends by high-handed usurpation.

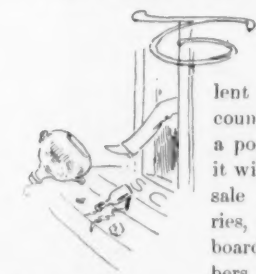
Is there power enough in an intelligent and virtuous public opinion to protect the rights of the people against these criminal assaults? Are we prepared to confess our inability to master the evil forces of our national life? Are we willing to acquiesce forever in the reign of fraud, intimidation, and violence? Are illegal registration, fraudulent counting, ballot-box stuffing, and the machinations of the assassins of liberty to go forever unchallenged and unpunished? These are questions of grave import, and they must be met and answered.

It certainly ought to be possible to provide safeguards against infamies of this character. It ought to be easy, for instance, so to amend our naturalization laws that the class of ignorant and irresponsible voters who are largely used in furthering frauds upon the suffrage may not be recruited at every election by wholesale accessions. No alien should be admitted to citizenship until he has been a resident of the country at least five years, and has in addition passed an examination at the hands of a competent board as to his knowledge of our laws and institutions and his fitness for the responsibilities he proposes to assume. Then, as to the methods and conditions of registration, there ought to be no difficulty in devising ample protection for honest voters and establishing adequate prohibitions against fraudulent additions to the poll-list. The same thing is true as to the reception and counting of votes; fraud can be made impossible wherever and whenever an honest, non-partisan, concerted effort is made to do it. There is in every republic a reserve potency which is equal to the demands of the supreme crisis. That potency must be appealed to. There must be an awakening of public sentiment and a co-operation of good citizens of all parties in bringing to punishment violators of the laws governing our elections, and in devising and making such statutory regulations as will put an end to the evils which now so seriously menace the highest public interests.

The Brazilian Troubles.

It is probably true that some of the European Powers represented at Rio de Janeiro would be glad to see the Brazilian republic overthrown, and it may be that their agents are scheming to bring about that result. None of them regards with any satisfaction the advantages which the United States has acquired in that country as the result of the reciprocity treaty, and the influence of two or three of these Powers has been undoubtedly employed to break down the provisional government which proclaimed the treaty and has sought to enforce its provisions. But we are unwilling to believe that any of them are prepared to resort to active intervention with a view of restoring the monarchy. They must realize that such a step would involve them in very serious complications without assuring them any permanent advantage, commercial or otherwise. If reports from Washington are to be credited, Great Britain and France have already officially disclaimed any thought of interfering in the quarrel, and this disclaimer is emphasized by an assurance that they would be glad to see the insurgent Admiral Mello defeated in his efforts to destroy the existing government. Such assistance as the insurgents are receiving from abroad probably comes from individual sources; indeed, there is one pretty definite rumor that financial aid is being supplied by persons in Austria who are influenced by a hope that a young prince of the house of Dom Pedro, a nephew of the late Emperor, and now a lieutenant in the Austrian army, may be elevated to the Brazilian throne. Such an intrigue seems ridiculous to the average American, but wilder schemes have triumphed before now in the uncertain politics of the South American States.

The South Carolina Liquor Law.



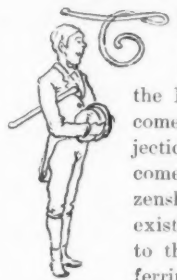
THE South Carolina dispensary law appears to be making its way notwithstanding the violent opposition which it has encountered from the liquor trade and a portion of the public. This law, it will be remembered, confines the sale of liquor to county dispensaries, under the direction of county boards of control, all of whose members must be total abstainers from intoxicants. Dispensaries can only be appointed upon petition of a majority of land-holding voters in the towns or cities where the permits are to be used, and they can sell liquor only in sealed packages which cannot be broken on

the premises. A record must be kept of the names, ages, and residences of purchasers. Heavy penalties are attached to the violation of the law, and a State constabulary is established to look after its enforcement.

The effect of the law has been to greatly reduce the traffic in intoxicating liquors. When the law went into effect, on the first of July last, there were eight hundred and eighty-seven retail, and fourteen wholesale dealers in the State, employing about five thousand men. Now there are only forty dispensaries. The sales of three of these in the city of Columbia amounted in August to three thousand nine hundred and forty-three dollars, as against sales by thirty-eight saloons under the old law amounting to thirty-eight thousand dollars. Estimating the sales in the State at large at the same average, there was a reduction in the amount of liquor sold in the State in a single month of over eight hundred thousand dollars.

It is admitted on all hands that there is less drunkenness in the State than formerly, and that the public morals are improved as the result of the removal of the open bar. Not the least of the advantages of the law is the destruction of the force of the saloon as a political machine. Another fact is that nineteen out of the thirty-four counties now have absolute prohibition, as against seven counties under the old system. The better sentiment of the State is undoubtedly favorable to the new experiment. But vigorous efforts are making by its opponents to break it down by proceedings in the courts, and its execution is harassed by all manner of annoyances. The belief is, however, that it will stand the test to which it is subjected, and if this shall prove to be the case, it is likely that it will in time so vindicate its efficiency by actual results as to make a return to the old system altogether improbable.

The Oates Naturalization Bill.



THE Oates bill to amend the naturalization laws of the United States, which has been debated at some length in the House of Representatives, ought to become a law. There can be no possible objection to the bill, and opposition can only come from those who would cheapen citizenship. Its provisions go to the root of existing evils, and would put an effectual end to the loose and dangerous methods of conferring the rights of citizenship upon aliens.

The bill provides that every person desiring to become a citizen must make a formal application, stating under oath that he has been a bona-fide resident of the country for more than five years; that he has never been convicted of any crime; that he is not an anarchist or a polygamist; and that he can read the Constitution of the United States. No person can be naturalized without the acquiescence of the United States District Attorney, or of the local district attorney of the county where the application is made. At the hearing of the petition the government must be represented by one of these officials, who is required to "see that all the allegations made are fully proven." This is a very important provision. It gives dignity to the whole proceeding, and would be a welcome improvement upon the present perfunctory method of granting naturalization-papers by subordinate court officials acting without the slightest sense of responsibility. Another important provision of the act is to the effect that no applicant shall be admitted to citizenship upon his own uncorroborated statement. The penalties for false swearing are made extremely heavy.

There can be no doubt that the enactment of this bill into a law would prove of immense benefit. It has been laid aside for the present, but, coming as it does from the majority side of the House, and having in its favor an overwhelming popular sentiment, there ought to be no doubt about its final passage.

Topics of the Week.

Is the final vote in the House on the act to repeal the silver-purchase law, sixty-nine Democrats and only eighteen Republicans recorded themselves in the negative. On a motion to recommit the bill with instructions to the Committee on Coinage to report a free-coinage amendment, fourteen Republicans and eighty-five Democrats voted in the opposition. Down to the very last moment of the struggle the party in power showed the insincerity of its professions and its inability to keep its engagements on this most important question.

THE Democratic party in Congress has shown what it can, or cannot, do in the way of keeping the pledge of its national platform as to the repeal of the silver-purchase act. That platform embodies another pledge which the party may now be expected to take up. "We demand," it says, "further legislation in restraint of the abuses of trusts." As yet, if we remember rightly, no measures have been proposed looking to this result, but of course the attempt at reform will come in due time. It cannot be possible that, after its magnificent achievements in connection with silver legislation, the party will fail the people in this matter of trusts!

THE troubles of the United States Treasury are not

ended with the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. The question of revenue has become urgent and serious, and its consideration cannot be longer postponed. The last Treasury statement shows that on the first of the month the cash balance, outside of the gold reserve and the unavailable subsidiary coin, amounted to less than \$5,000,000, and that since the beginning of the fiscal year the expenditures have exceeded the receipts by \$24,086,674. At this rate the deficit at the end of the year would be over \$72,000,000. Such a condition of affairs must naturally awaken solicitude, and the first and imperative duty of Congress, upon reassembling in December, will be to consider and determine upon measures of relief.

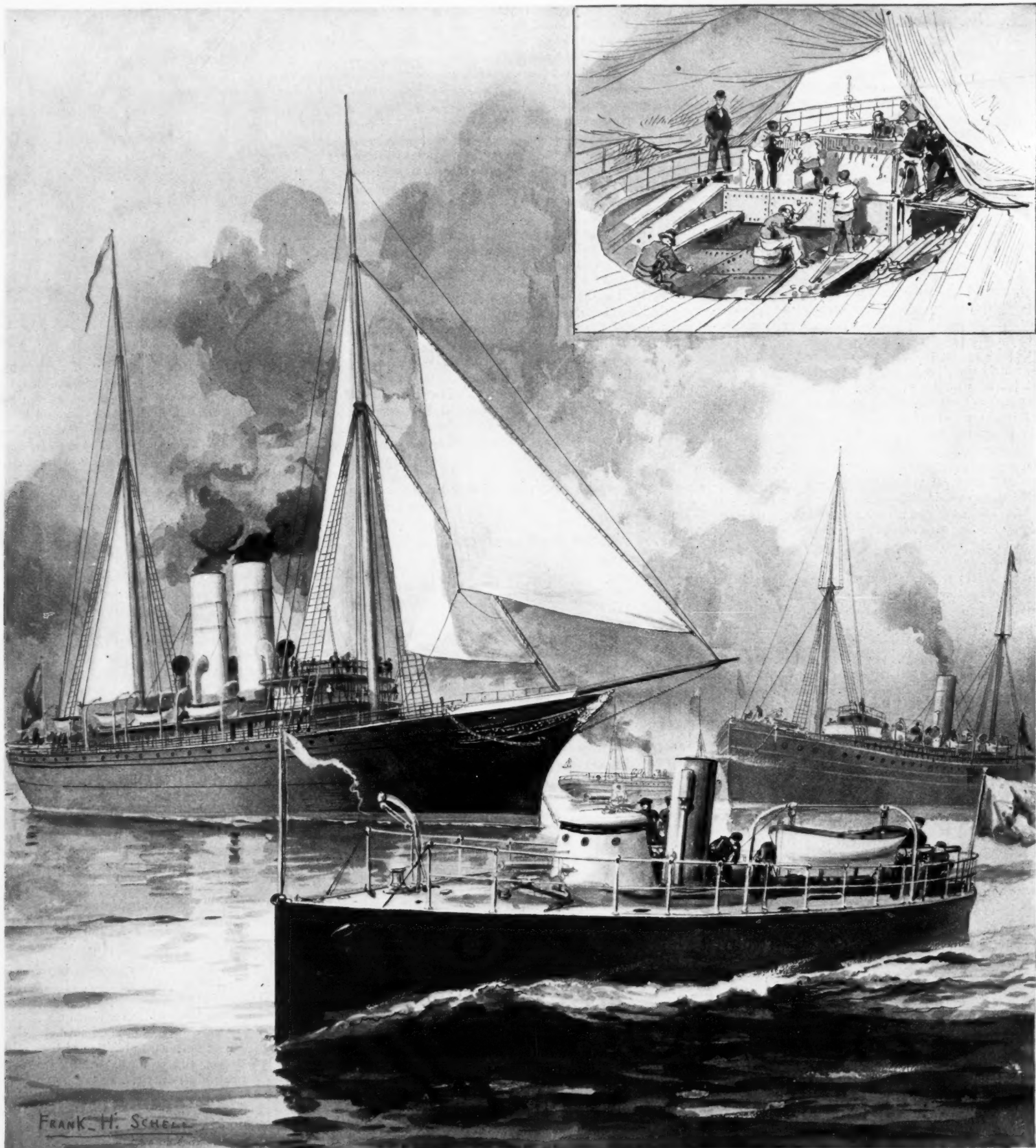
THE faculty of Princeton College have acted wisely in formally condemning the disorderly revelries which usually attend the Thanksgiving foot-ball game. They not only unite with the foot-ball management in requesting the municipal authorities of New York to arrest any Princeton student who may be found guilty of disorderly conduct, but they declare that if students shall persist in the excesses which now too frequently occur on occasions of this character, they will be compelled to forbid the Thanksgiving game. At the same time they require all students who attend the game to report to the college registrar by midnight of Thanksgiving day, and announce that any student failing to comply with this requirement will be suitably disciplined. There is no reason at all why the interest of college students in foot-ball should ever degenerate into license or debauchery, and the Princeton faculty have done a real service to the cause of genuine sport by setting their faces inflexibly against practices which are in every sense disgraceful. It is gratifying to observe that the students themselves have, in mass meeting, approved the action of the college authorities.

THE coming winter promises to be one of unusual distress among the poor of all our large manufacturing cities. The demands upon the sympathy of the charitable and well-to-do will be greater and more urgent than they have been for many years past. It is of the first importance that this fact should be recognized betimes, and some systematic methods of relief agreed upon which will suit the emergency. Relief, in order to be effective, must be concerted and well-ordered; mere sporadic giving, efforts without coherency of purpose, will not meet the requirements of the situation. In Philadelphia the churches are organizing for combined action, and the work will be conducted under responsible direction along the lines of common sense and genuine sympathy with the deserving poor. Other cities would do well to imitate this example, making prompt and ample provision for necessities as they may arise, instead of relying upon spasmodic and indiscriminate giving under the pressure of sudden exigencies.

THE Governor of Illinois is said to have been "inexpressibly shocked" by the murder of Mayor Harrison. "The crime," he said, "makes one shudder." But, he added, "it is one of a kind unhappily frequent in this country." The statement is true, and Governor Altgeld is as much responsible for the fact as any living man. He commenced his career as Governor by pardoning the imprisoned anarchists and assailing the court which convicted them, thereby giving a direct encouragement to the criminal classes. Not content with this conspicuous exhibition of his sympathy with the law-breaker and criminal, he has since released from prison ninety-five convicts, sixty-three of whom were murderers, twenty-one were burglars, and ten were thieves. Twelve of the pardoned criminals were serving life sentences, and eighteen had been sentenced for terms of twenty-five years or more. Is it any wonder that crime runs riot in Illinois, that life and property are the prey of the vicious and depraved, when the Governor of the State thus employs the authority of his high office for the encouragement of lawlessness and violence?

THE "White City" is being dismantled, and will soon be obliterated. But the influence of the great exposition will remain in the impulse given to the industrial, commercial, and intellectual forces of the world. Unquestionably it has greatly enhanced the world's conception of American resources and enterprise and the possibilities of our future. It has quickened, too, the sense of universal brotherhood; and no other exposition has ever brought the ends of the earth so close together and so forcibly illustrated the kinship of the race. The statistics of the fair, as now given out, are full of interest. The total number of paid admissions, up to the formal closing, was 21,477,212. The aggregate receipts from all sources, including the \$10,000,000 of capital-stock from individual subscribers and the city of Chicago, approximate \$28,500,000. The receipts from concessions greatly exceeded the expectation of the managers, amounting to \$4,000,000, as against \$800,000 derived from the same source by the Paris Exposition. After the payment of all debts there will remain in the exposition treasury over one million dollars for distribution among the stockholders. The financial management, spite of some early mistakes, seems to have been in the main exceptionally sagacious and efficient.

PREPARING THE PLACE FOR THE DYNAMITE GUN ON FORWARD DECK OF "EL CID."



FRANK H. SCHELL

"BRITANNIA."

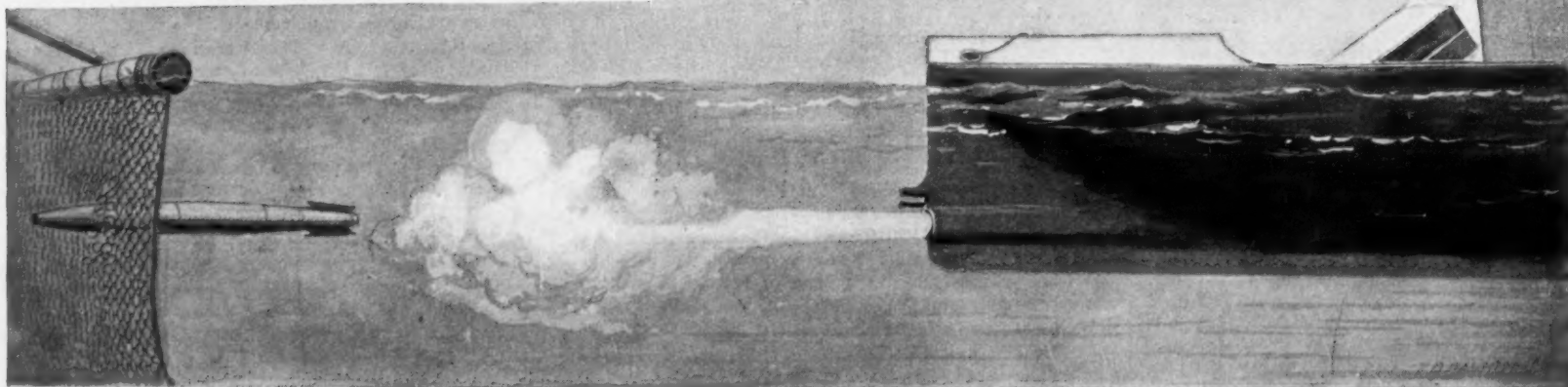
"FEISEN."

"EL RIO."

"EL CID."



THE "DESTROYER."



ERICSSON'S SUBMARINE GUN ON THE "DESTROYER" PIERCING A TORPEDO-NET WITH A LIGHT CHARGE.

THE NEW BRAZILIAN NAVY—PICTURES OF VESSELS OF THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE RECENTLY PURCHASED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR CONVERSION INTO CRUISERS.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL AND J. O. DAVIDSON FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 317.]



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH IN HER PRIVATE OFFICE AT THE SALVATION ARMY HEADQUARTERS
FROM A LIFE SKETCH BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

UNDER THE BLOOD-RED BANNER.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A tingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar—
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in His train."

A CERTAIN body of men and women possessed of a childlike faith and a perfect devotion have consecrated their lives to the following of this banner and the bearing of this cross. Whether the methods of the Salvation Army agree with ours or not, or whether their manners please us, must surely, to thinking people, be a matter of secondary importance.

By their works let us know them and judge them, and—if we find them good—drop forever the weapons of ridicule and contempt, and give instead a warm right-hand of brotherhood.

And what are the works that they have done? Not many people, I think, understand them clearly, although Murray Hill was enlightened last winter by Mrs. Booth, at public meetings and "afternoons," and a wave of sympathy sent through fashionable circles by her sweet, magnetic presence and clear presentment of her cause. Still, to a great majority, the Salvation Army means nothing more than red shirts and poke-bonnets, drums and ranting, and general sensationalism, while *what* they do and *how* they do it, is very dimly guessed at. If any one is curious to know, and will go hand-in-hand with me through the camp and barracks, I may be able to show him some matters of interest.

The army in America is a mere infant organization of thirteen years' growth, but here at least it had a distinct beginning; in England it is a thing of very gradual evolution. William Booth, the general so loved by all his army children, and respected even by his opponents, was at fifteen an evangelist among the poor of Nottingham, where he had connected himself with a small Wesleyan chapel. So successful was he in this work that at seventeen he was a recognized lay-preacher, and four years later became a minister in what is known in England as the "Methodist New Connection." In the same year, 1857, he

married the young girl who afterward so wonderfully inspired and aided his life-work, and who was to be known and loved as the "Mother of the Salvation Army."

Mr. Booth remained but four years in the ranks of the Methodist ministry. The need of more vigorous work among the unclaimed and unmanageable "masses"—that problem of every age—and his own conviction that church work on the ordinary lines was for them an utter failure, pressed more and more strongly upon him; and as he pushed his open-air meetings with greater zeal, and became more aggressive and unconventional in his preaching, the New Connection would none of him. He went out from among them and began the work—not of the Salvation Army as yet—but of the Christian Mission, with out-door services of singing and prayer, drawing scoffing and abusive crowds wherever he went, and attracting, as he wished to attract, the lowest strata of humanity, to jeer at—and then to listen to him. He carried his crusade far and wide, traveled up to London, enlisted the services of his wife and other earnest women—some of them reclaimed from those ranks of the lost for whom he toiled—and in 1878 he counted fifty stations, or "posts," in as many towns of England, where new converts were carrying on his work. The idea of a military or, ganization grew gradually as the numbers of the band increased and the field enlarged, and in 1879 the Salvation Army came into being. In 1883, instead of seventy-one posts and twelve evangelists, there were four hundred and forty-two army corps and one thousand and sixty-seven officers.

So much for the work in England. In America it began, in a very small way, as early as 1873, when a family of immigrants from Coventry started the meetings in Philadelphia. In 1880, when the army was fully organized, an officer named Railton was sent, with seven women, to open, in their parlance, a "territory" in the United States. The first headquarters was planted in Philadelphia, where open-air meetings were not prohibited. Indoor meetings were held in New York—notably at Harry Hill's well-known place of resort in Houston Street, where they were invited by the proprietor, and where the first American convert, now "Captain" Kemp, was won. Fifteen hundred more

were counted in the next seven months, the fruit of one hundred and seventy-two services per week, held in the twelve corps established by the commissioner, Mr. Railton.

This officer was succeeded in America by one Major Moore, to whose mismanagement and untrustworthiness is attributed much of the odium which has been cast upon the army. To preclude the possibility of injudicious or dishonest handling of moneys, a yearly balance-sheet must be made up by a firm of city accountants, audited by a notary public of good standing, and submitted to the general of the army, as well as laid open to the public for inspection. This balance-sheet could not be obtained from Major Moore, and he was consequently removed from command of the American territory. He claimed and took possession of the army "plant" and all its rights in the new field, induced a number of the officers to remain with him, and for some time carried on a rival work in opposition to that of Major Smith, the new commissioner sent over by General Booth. The scandal of debt incurred in different towns, mismanagement and irregularities of various kinds, followed his ranks and was attached to the whole army, by those who did not understand the division and its causes.

Major Smith was followed by the present commissioner, Ballington Booth, who, with his wife, has become a naturalized citizen of the United States. Mrs. Booth needs no introduction to the world of New York, where her sweet, womanly presence and the force of her personal magnetism have done more, perhaps, to remove prejudice and misconception, and so to help the cause dear to her heart, than any other individual worker in the field. The daughter of an English clergyman, unmistakably well bred, gentle and feminine to the finest degree, she came as a surprise and a revelation to the many who broadly and unreservedly condemned the noisy and blatant methods of the new evangelists, and wherever she has spoken, in hall or drawing-room, a strong interest, even a sympathy, has replaced prejudice and contempt. It was a peculiar pleasure to me, after listening to her earnest, intense public speaking, to meet her at the headquarters in Reade Street, where she and her husband work side by side in two tiny rooms no bigger than cells—"side by side in everything," as the commander told me with a very hearty emphasis. They are thoroughly hard workers, to whom every minute of the day is precious; but Mrs. Booth kindly let the pen rest on her knee for a while and turned in her revolving-chair from the pile of papers on her desk, to let me make a hurried sketch of herself in her daily surroundings; and the commander—with what I am sure was a greater effort of self-denial—did not refuse to pose in the middle of the tiny office,



GENERAL BALLINGTON BOOTH.—FROM A SKETCH
ON THE SPOT BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

where his tall figure loomed like an obelisk. Both little rooms are bright with many pictures, photographs of the army officers and of the babies at home, and mottoes and texts that keep both them and every visitor in mind of the cause for which they work, and the eternal verities which they live to set before the world.

What this cause is, and what they, with all the great army of zealous, single-hearted workers who follow with them that "blood-red banner," seek to accomplish, has been explained a thousand times. They are trying, as all the Christian people of the world are trying, to save souls, and this is what they undertake to do, in the furtherance of that one great end:

To attract, by any not unworthy stimulant to curiosity, the masses who have so far refused to respond to ordinary means;

To first convert the individual, and then to reform him through love of God and new-found confidence in his fellow-men, believing that no reformation of morals and no permanent step toward cleanly living is possible without a change of heart;

To diminish the chances of backsliding, as well as to enlarge and strengthen his own soul, by giving him at once a personal, active work to do for others, and to surround him with such an atmosphere of human sympathy and restraining influences that perseverance shall become a second nature.

To do this work systematically and effectively it was thought, and has, I believe, been well proven, that the strict discipline and perfect organization of the army was necessary. Absolute obedience to a recognized head insures a unity of effort and action throughout the whole immense body, whose members cover twelve territories in as many countries of the world.



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Each territory is governed by a commissioner or commander, appointed by, and subject only to, the general-in-chief. This territory is divided and subdivided into

1. Divisions, under command of a major or brigadier.
2. Districts, under an adjutant or staff captain.
3. Corps, under a captain and lieutenant.

4. Wards, under a sergeant.

These are the field officers, whose lives are as completely consecrated to the work as is that of a Sister of Charity. Their family relations are practically severed, and their time belongs wholly to the army, from which they draw a stipend merely sufficient for actual maintenance, captains and lieutenants receiving seven and six dollars per week, drawn only after corps expenses, rental of halls, etc., have been paid, from the collections taken up by them. (The men, by the way, are allowed an extra dollar to provide for washing and such expenses as the less practical sex are apt to incur.) Each captain lives with his or her lieutenant, in the plainest and simplest fashion, in rooms as near as possible to the hall or barracks where the meetings of their division are held. The work of the field officers is substantially that of any missionary, and, very roughly outlined, includes the conducting of one daily and four Sunday services, with at least three hours of daily visiting. And the visiting means nursing the sick, lending a helping hand in the tenement-house, talking to the saloon-keeper, praying with the unconverted and with those who "hear them gladly," following and encouraging new recruits, and furthering the spiritual training of their own subordinate officers and soldiers. How this work is to be done is minutely detailed in the "Orders and Regulations for Field Officers," wherein, with a marvelous minuteness, the duties, discipline, and requirements of an "F. O." are laid down by his general-in-chief.

The local officers are bound by less stringent rules. They hold ranks below that of lieutenant, and give what time they can to the work of their corps without separating themselves from their families and regular occupations.

They draw no salaries, and are required to wear uniform only when on duty, though it is urged upon every Salvationist to carry at least a badge on all occasions. A local officer must keep certain rules of life, and promise obedience, to the utmost of his or her ability, to all the regulations and "articles of war."

Recruits or privates in the army rank simply as church-members, wearing as much of the uniform as they choose to do, but earnestly warned against gayety of dress or conformity with the extremes of fashion. The field officer of their corps must watch over them as a pastor over his flock, instructing them in temperance, industry, self-denial, the careful ordering of their homes and the training of their children, and on all matters of worldly as well as of spiritual life. They are called upon to speak, pray, and sing at in-door or open-air meetings, and must be ready to visit with their local officers if required, to sell the *War Cry* in the streets, and, in the words of the manual of regulations, "to speak to people in the streets, behind counters, in their shops, or elsewhere, about their souls."

In this very brief outline are given most of the main points of the construction of the army, as I have gathered them from the officers and from that wonderful volume of instruction known among them as the "F. O. Book." I shall make fuller extracts from it hereafter, for it is a manual at once of discipline, theology, physical culture, and etiquette, and no one without study of its pages can fully understand or appreciate the scope and purpose of this great movement, or the marvelous grasp of mind, the nicety of perception, the knowledge of human nature and its needs, and the strong practical sense and wise judgment of the general of the Salvation Army.

G. A. DAVIS.

THE OFFICER'S STORY.

By EMMA C. HEWITT.

BOB BYRNES (known on the force as "Big Bob") was a great friend of mine. So that night when I saved the fellow from drowning himself, as I thought, by giving him the last five dollars I owned in the world, I went around to Station Six and hunted Bob up, and, giving him the man's address and name, asked him to look the matter up and sort of keep an eye on the fellow, and let me know if he fell into actual want again. You see I was young then, and enthusiastic, and it hurt me awfully to think of a fellow-being committing suicide for the want of something to eat in this country of ours.

I didn't just exactly understand Big Bob's expression as he replied to my eager request, "All right, Sonny!" He generally called me "Sonny" by way of endearment, and as in my extreme youth he had picked me out from under the wheels of a passing vehicle, and thus saved my life, gratitude prevented my resenting from him a liberty I would have permitted to no one else.

"Come round again in five days and I'll tell you what I've found out.—Your deal, Jim." And he turned to one of the three men with whom he was playing cards and practically dismissed me.

I inwardly fumed at the indifference of these men ("brutes," I called them to myself) to the fate of a fellow-being—a condition of mind which was in no degree assuaged by a loud guffaw which arose as I closed the door, and which I instinctively felt in some way referred to me. I went home and thought long of my protégé, for such I could not help feeling him, but some thoughts of a much more personal nature began to take hold of me—thoughts of ways and means of replacing the carefully hoarded money which I had given him, and which represented, as I have said, the sum-total of my financial resources.

I was a mere literary dabbler then, skirmishing on the outskirts of the field for mere actual existence, and trusting to Providence to provide for my wants (which, by careful calculation and experiment, I had reduced to a minimum) and make an opening for what I believed to be great latent genius. Enough of my work was accepted and paid for to keep body and soul together, and even with such attenuated means of existence I managed to extract considerable enjoyment out of the world. The good fairies who endow infants had left in my cradle a keen sense of the ridiculous and boundless faith in what the future may bring forth, so that even from my almost abject circumstances, and very often most unpleasant makeshifts, I was enabled to deduce a certain amount of fun,

and I have never since regretted those early experiences of mine, regarding them as an excellent foundation for the career which followed. Endowed as I was at birth, I was better calculated to cope with such a life and find in it a stimulus and benefit than many another of different temperament would have been.

I have been over-particular as to detail, perhaps, in this analysis of my peculiar circumstances and characteristics, but my minute delineation will enable the reader to comprehend at a glance my position at the moment at which I intrude myself upon his notice.

The days which followed were full of the monotony of small incident and the chasing of ideas, which characterized my days in those times. On the third day a "mysterious disappearance" proved to me of most absorbing interest, and drove all other thoughts from my mind, leading me even to entirely forget my appointment with Big Bob for the fifth evening after my rescue of the would-be suicide. But on the morning of the sixth day, while hastily scanning the paper, my eye caught sight of his name as that of an officer prominent in a recent arrest, and that evening saw me at the station-house waiting for him to come in from his beat—by some change he was detailed that day for different hours from those he commonly served.

"Well, Bob," said I, "did you find out anything about my man?"

"I did, Sonny," answered he, deliberately, between the whiffs of his pipe, upon which he was pulling vigorously by this time.

I knew Bob's peculiarities, and I never interfered with the process of lighting his pipe, under any pretext whatever.

"Once upon a time," he pursued, "when I was new in the force, and about your age, or perhaps a little older, as I was going my rounds one cold winter night, I found a man crouched down upon a doorstep. In his hand was a pistol. Just as I came up to him he raised it to his head, and I heard the click of the hammer. Of course it was the work of but a moment to wrest the pistol from his grasp and take the fellow in charge. There was something about that man that won me on the spot, and when he was discharged from custody I took him with me to my own house for the night and persuaded my wife to sort of look after him, he was such a forlorn kind of a specimen.

"That night he told me his history: 'I was born in Paris,' said he, of wealthy but *bourgeois* parentage. My father and mother had started early in life with but little money, but by diligence, thrift, and some unforeseen happy circumstances, they had amassed a large fortune, and upon their death, which occurred within a

space of three months after I was twenty-one, I found myself alone in the world except for a sister, and absolute master of a wealth far greater than I had ever conceived possible. I had been brought up in the strictest economy, and I had therefore no idea that the property of my parents could reach such a sum. At first I was intoxicated with the idea of having absolute control of such an amount, and I spent my money with a freedom and recklessness that threatened disaster to my fortune. I should have told you previous to this that I had been graduated as a physician, but that, as I had no special taste for the profession, and had only adopted it to please my parents, who considered it a genteel profession, as soon as I discovered that there was no necessity for it I immediately abandoned it, and instead of alleviating the pains of others I proceeded to study only how I myself could be most comfortable. My sister Clare (for that was her name) remonstrated with me, but all to no purpose, and heaven knows where it would all have ended only that before I had time to ruin myself there crossed my vision that guardian angel that every man meets once in a lifetime if he has the sense to perceive it. My guardian angel I met in the person of Marie, daughter of the Count de Farigny, a desperately proud and equally poor member of the nobility, residing in a forlorn old castle up among the Auvergne Mountains.

"I have said Marie was my guardian angel. For her sake, though she knew it not, I stopped short in my mad career and became a model man. I looked into my affairs and realized for the first time whither I had been drifting, and recognized the fact that even now I was on the brink of a precipice, from falling over which only the steadiest kind of hand could keep me. This hand, however, I kept upon my affairs, and a few months saw me as well established as ever, with the added experience of the past year.

"My sister shed tears of joy, thinking that her prayers and entreaties had at last been heeded by me, little suspecting, in her little home in Paris, where she lived with an aunt, that I had a motive power of most tremendous force in Marie de Farigny. I became intimate with her father, and it was with the greatest pleasure in life that I loaned him enormous sums of money at various times to relieve his embarrassed estates. He thanked me with grateful tears, and always pressed my hand, exclaiming: 'My friend, how can I ever repay you for what you have done for me?' With the money I lent him he retrieved his fortunes, and in the course of time the forlorn old castle began to assume a less decayed appearance, and

became a more fitting setting for the precious jewel within its walls.'

"And what of Marie all this time?" I asked him. "Did she know anything about all this?"

"Not a word; not a syllable. I had never breathed a word of love to her, or even to her father, before I felt confident that she reciprocated my affection. I was afraid that if I told her father he might, for the sake of my wealth (which was now, however, merely nominal in view of the sums I had lent the old count), force Marie into accepting me, or at least express for me a preference which any well-trained French girl would consider as equivalent to a command to regard my proposition with favor. And Marie herself was so shy and full of the true French reserve which forbids any exhibition of preference until the momentous question has been settled with the parents, that I found it difficult to obtain from her any indication that she felt for me anything but the most ordinary friendship.

"Finally the old count announced his intention of taking a trip which would necessitate his absence for about ten days.

"Now," thought I, "the time has come. To-day I think I detected in Marie's manner a something that bids me hope. I cannot wait any longer. To-night I will tell him of my love for his daughter. I must have his sanction before he goes."

"I waited with feverish impatience for the evening to arrive; but it came at last, as all moments will, and with a modesty that seemed to me very becoming, I made a formal demand of Count de Farigny for the hand of his daughter. I knew, of course, that this was a mere form, but etiquette demanded it, and consequently it must be done.

"Fancy my surprise—nay, utter consternation!—when the old count not only treated my proposition with contempt, but treated me with contempt for daring to aspire to the hand of one of the nobility.

"What!" exclaimed he, "permit my daughter, the heiress to the bluest blood in France—blood that has never been tainted with a *mésalliance*—allow my daughter, I say, to marry a *bourgeois*. Never!" and he made a gesture of spurning the idea with contempt. His contempt aroused my anger.

"You have not hesitated to accept the money of the *bourgeois*, Monsieur le Comte," replied I with a sneer.

"No," replied he, calmly. "In that matter you have served me a very good turn. I have accepted your money, monsieur, because, fortunately for me in this instance, the money used by the *bourgeois* is coined in the same mint as that of the nobility, and passes current equally

well in both ranks of life. It has been fortunate for me that *bourgeois* money can be made to pay noble debts. Your money I have accepted because I can repay that with interest. But to pay it back in the shape of my daughter Marie, the flower of France—bab! man, that would be usury. With my acres in their present prosperous condition, and things going well with me, I mean to marry her to some one at least her equal in station. Nay, with the dower I shall now be able to give her, a girl like Marie de Farigny may well look high."

"The cool, colossal audacity of the man stunned me, and I was dumb, not from choice, but from want of words. I turned on my heel and left him, but if I had been incensed by his words that feeling was intensified a hundred fold by the light chuckling laugh that fell upon my ears as I passed out of the room, and his *Bête bourgeois*, muttered between his teeth, stung me to madness. I was conscious of but one desire—revenge! revenge! revenge! But of all this I gave no hint as he called me lightly back and said, condescendingly:

"But, monsieur, I depend upon your honor as a gentleman to say nothing to my daughter about this."

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, Monsieur le Comte," I replied with an exaggeration of deference which clothed the bitterest sarcasm. "Upon the honor of a *bourgeois* gentleman, Monsieur le Comte, which means much more than that of nobility." Again the light laugh of amusement, and I left.

"I need not tell you of the hours that followed; of the burning, freezing, torturing moments while I walked the floor and alternately raved, and was silent, in my grief. Nay, it could hardly be called grief, for my love for Marie was entirely in abeyance to my absorbing desire for revenge. Revenge! revenge! revenge! How could I best strike this dastard?"

"I could not tell you of all the mad schemes that came to me. I did not wish to kill him. That would be too quick. Oh, to give him a wound from which he would never recover—a wound that, like Prometheus's vulture, would eat his heart out day by day and would torture without killing! Oh, to see him cringe and grovel like a whipped cur! To do this, I became convinced that I must strike through the daughter. How could I do this without hurting her, the idol of my heart? At last I hit upon a plan, and as the clock struck seven, and I knew that Count de Farigny was already on the road of his early journey, I hugged myself with joy, and fell upon my bed in a sleep of exhaustion.

"As a preliminary measure, I telegraphed to my sister to come spend with me the next week. I needed her, I told her, very particularly. By closest connection it would take her two days to reach me. Meanwhile I was preparing a train at the castle which I intended to fire, with unrelenting hand, at the proper moment. There were certain business details with which in my connection with the financial affairs of the count I had had much to do. I now pretended that while he was away these necessitated my visiting his library and examining certain papers which he had left in my charge. I need not tell you that this was all part of my scheme and that the papers were blanks which I myself furnished. I knew I could trust to Marie's ignorance of business detail to prevent her from inquiring too closely into the nature of the business. It would give me the desired opportunity to see and speak with her from time to time and prepare her for the consummation of my plan.

"That afternoon I paid my first visit. 'Good-afternoon, mademoiselle,' said I; then with a start I exclaimed, with great solicitude, 'Good heavens, mademoiselle! what is the matter? What has happened?'

"Nothing, monsieur. Why?" said she in wonder.

"Nothing, mademoiselle?" I repeated. "Nothing, and you look like that? Tell me, I beseech you, what is the matter with you. I am a physician and would willingly give you the benefit of my knowledge, if I can aid you in any way."

"But Marie insisted that there was nothing the matter and went away to her room, while I remained for an hour in the library, pretending to attend to business, but in reality indulging in visions of the fall of my enemy.

"The second day almost the same scene was enacted, only Marie this time avoided my eye as she insisted that there was nothing the matter with her.

"Ah, mademoiselle," I said, "it is plain to be seen that you think to save your friends from grief by insisting that there is nothing the matter with you, but you only give them greater cause for solicitude."

"On the third day Marie herself sought me

for a few moments, and my heart smote me to see how pale she looked and how deep were the circles under her eyes. I had calculated to a nicety the psychological effect of my treatment, and I saw that my plan had worked. Upon the third day Marie was really far from well.

"I wish to consult you, monsieur," she began timidly. "I am not at all well, and papa is away from home. I have never been sick before, and I do not know to whom to apply, for we have never had a physician within my recollection, and the nearest one is ten miles away. I come to you because I know that papa has great confidence in you. What would you advise me to do?"

"If you care to trust me, mademoiselle, I will send you some powders by a servant from my home. Take them every hour, and perhaps you will feel better. But I may as well assure you that it is a very serious case. I do not tell you this with a view of alarming you, but because these are cases where prompt measures should be taken, and unless I speak to you candidly you might not take the proper care of yourself. On no account fail to take a powder every hour. You should have let me prescribe for you three days ago. I will see you again to-morrow when I come. Meanwhile, if you feel worse, let me know. I am at your command."

"My business was now with my sister Clare, who had arrived the night before. I told her of the sick girl up at the castle, and intrusted to her the powders I was to send by the servant, sending at the same time a little note introducing my sister. My sister and Marie de Farigny fell in love with each other at first sight, if I may use the term, and the rest of my path was easy. The powders, which I compounded each day, contained nothing but a little sugar, finely pulverized, which, even psychologically, had no opportunity to do any good, for each morning I insisted that I failed to see any improvement in my patient. Indeed, by the seventh day so great were my apprehensions that I assured her gravely that there was nothing left but transfusion. She hardly comprehended my meaning, but I explained the process to her and told her it was very simple, and that if she was as courageous as I believed her to be I would not even be obliged to use any anæsthetic. I even assured her that my sister was ready to have her vein opened and supply the blood which she lacked. But it must be done at once, I assured her, if done at all. If she would rather not have it done, she might still send for the other physician, but that I had no further suggestions to offer. Of course it took but a moment to decide, and her consent was given. I need not explain to you the process. Suffice it to say it was performed, and in an hour I could inform my patient of her marked improvement, and she herself assured me that she felt better already. By the time her father arrived she was as well as ever, and I had upon my hands a very grateful patient. I begged her to say nothing of the transfusion to her father, as it would only distress him, and perhaps fill him with grave fears in relation to her present condition, which I assured her was entirely without danger. I could tell him in a way that would disarm his fears.

"I allowed him to return and well settle himself at home before I called upon the old count.

"Well, monsieur," said he with his atrocious insolence, "what is it this evening? Money, I suppose, as you would hardly be likely to ask for the hand of my daughter again after our last interview. Well, my friend, I have none at present to give you, but I hope to send you a large cheque next week. That is, if all goes well with me."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Comte," I replied, with forced calmness. "I do not come for money. It is a matter of small moment to me whether you ever pay it. Strange as it may seem to you, I come again to demand of you the hand of your daughter."

"It was the count's turn to be stunned into silence.

"I thought I explained to you, monsieur, that it was impossible for my daughter, in whose veins only the blood of nobility coursed, to marry a *bourgeois*," he said angrily, when he could find words.

"Ah! Monsieur le Comte has a wonderful capacity for making his words distinct. I understood him perfectly," I replied calmly.

"Well?"

"Well," I echoed, going over to him and laying my hand upon his shoulder, "I have removed that difficulty."

"How?" demanded he, quickly.

"By transfusion."

"Then, before he had time to question further, I told him slowly and carefully of what I had done.

"There must have been something in my

face or manner that compelled his silence, for he never uttered a word during the recital; he merely gazed into my eyes as if fascinated.

"You will admit, Monsieur le Comte," I concluded, as I closed my grip like a vise upon his shoulder, "that henceforth in the veins of Marie de Farigny will flow the blood of the *bourgeois*. And your daughter, yours, monsieur, can no longer boast of the pureness of the fluid that flows in her veins."

"As I finished, the count sighed as one waking from a spell. Instead of starting at my diabolical revelation, as I thought he would, he merely flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Bah!" he said, coolly, shaking himself free of my detaining grasp. "Monsieur, it was a well-laid plan. I admire a good, a successful villain; but, my friend, you have overreached yourself. You could hardly, under the existing laws of France, marry a woman in whose veins flowed the blood of a sister."

"I saw it all! He was right. I had cut Marie off from me forever. My hand dropped nerveless at my side. As I fled I again heard that demoniacal chuckle. I hurried Clare back to Paris. She looked at me wonderingly, but I vouchsafed no explanations.

"I plunged into play, recklessly, madly, and soon the remnant of my fortune remaining to me after all I had lent the count was gone, or at least so nearly so that all that was left to me was barely sufficient to carry me over to America and keep me for a little while. I came to New York about three months ago, and all I desire now is to die. I am unfitted for work of any kind; there is no possibility of gaining anything by my profession. Alone, friendless, without money, what is there for me to live for?"

"Can't you go back to your friends—your sister and aunt in Paris?" I asked, continued Bob Byrnes.

"Never! I have cut myself off from them entirely. No; let me die!"

"Oh, come this will never do, my friend. You must cheer up and take a pleasanter view of life. You're a young man, and there's many a good year before you yet."

"I talked to him quite a while and he grew more cheerful, and when I gave him a ten-dollar bill, as he left the house promising to bear up a while longer and thanking me for my permission to stop at my house for a meal at any time, he seemed in quite good spirits."

I had been so interested in Big Bob's recital that I had hardly drawn a breath through the whole of it, and had completely forgotten the object of my visit.

"Well?" I said, eagerly, as Big Bob paused at this point of his narrative to light his pipe again.

"Well, I made up my mind to hunt that fellow up and keep my eye on him, and if he needed help to give him a brotherly hand."

"Well?" said I again, a trifle impatiently, as he paused to pull at his refractory pipe.

"Well, I found him, and it was as the older officers had all prophesied. There was no count! There was no Marie! There was no Clare! He was the son of a Bowery barber, born with a taste for dramatic situations and sprees, and caring very little how he obtained the means for either. And, to crown all, he had never been outside of the United States in his life!"

I was silent. The dénouement was too totally unexpected to admit of words.

"I've only got one thing more to tell you, Sonny. The man you gave the money to was arrested yesterday for trying to jump off of one of the North River docks. He told the same pitiful story, and a crowd round him raised a sum of money for him. But before they gave it to him the officer searched him (for he'd seen that kind before) and found on him a roll of bills, the proceeds of an attempt at suicide on one of the East River piers the day before. I'm sorry for you, Sonny. You needed that five dollars more than he did."

And I sadly but silently agreed with him.

The Funeral of Mayor Harrison.

THE funeral of the murdered mayor of Chicago was one of the most impressive ever witnessed in that city. The procession which escorted the remains to the cemetery included distinguished public officials, hundreds of military and civic organizations, citizens and strangers, numbering in all fifty thousand persons. The streets were so densely thronged that it was only with great difficulty that the procession could make its way. The popularity of the dead mayor was shown by the fact that the mourners included representatives of all nationalities and of every sphere and department of social and public life. The civic societies were represented by committees who filled one hundred carriages. The

services at the church were those of the Episcopal ritual. The flags on the public buildings of this and other cities were placed at half mast during the obsequies.

The Spirit of Autumn.

I FEEL thee—as one feels a flower's,
A dead flower's, fragrance in a room—
A dim, gray grief that haunts the hours
With sad perfume.

Thou charm'st me—as a ghostly lily
Might charm a garden's withered place—
With the pale pathos and the chilly
Hush of thy face.

I hearken in thy fogs; I hearken
Ere, like the ghastly ghost of night,
With immaterial limbs they darken
The day with white.

With wreck of rain and mad winds, heaping
Red ruin of roses and of leaves,
Make glad my heart! Oh, stormy, sweeping,
Wild joy that grieves!

MADISON CAWEIN.

Brazil's Improved Fleet.

THE effort in New York to furnish a ready-made navy to President Peixoto of Brazil, to take the place of the one in revolt and to fight it, has been watched with interest by the people of this country. Apparently a formidable fleet will leave this harbor in a few days. Among the vessels purchased by the agents of the Brazilian government are *El Cid*, *Destroyer*, and *Feisen*. In addition to these the Brazilians have secured options on several steamers which may be sent out later.

The chief vessel of the new fleet is *El Cid*, which Messrs. Flint & Co. purchased last week from the Morgan line for \$500,000. *El Cid* was built less than a year ago by the Newport News Ship-building Company, and is one of the best and fastest merchantmen ever constructed in this country. She has a tonnage of 4,600, and is admirably adapted in some respects for a cruiser or commerce-destroyer. Her length over all is 406 feet; beam, 48 feet; depth, from upper deck to keel, 33 feet 9 inches; and her draught, when loaded, 23 feet. She is fitted with vertical, triple-expansion, surface-condensing engines, and has a speed of at least sixteen and one-half knots an hour. An electric-light plant includes a powerful search-light, and one thousand tons of coal may be carried in her bunkers.

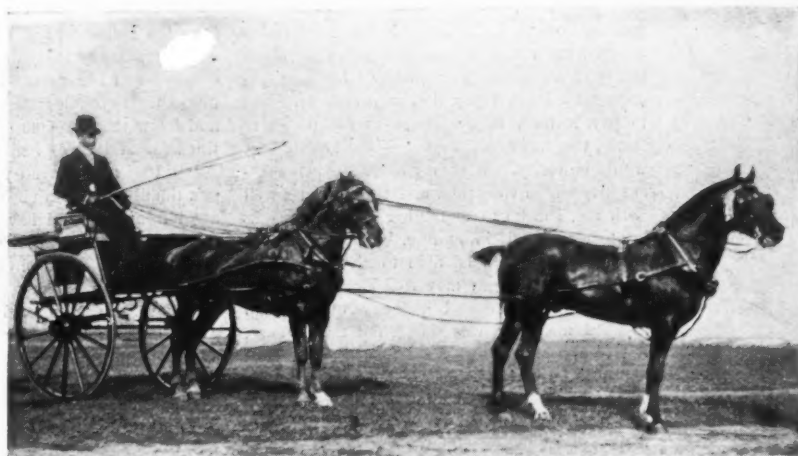
The armament of *El Cid* will consist of pretty much everything from a dynamite gun down to a one-pounder rapid-fire gun. In the bow will be two 4-inch rapid-fire Hotchkiss guns. Amidships there will be two more, and on the upper deck two more. In the pilot-house there will be two thirty-seven millimeter revolving cannon. On the main deck eight six-pounders will be arranged in two broadsides, and on the forecastle deck will be placed the great fifteen-inch dynamite gun which Flint & Co. recently bought at the factory in Cold Spring. This gun will hurl long projectiles loaded with from fifty to five hundred pounds of gun-cotton. There will also be four torpedo-tubes, two on each side, on the orlop deck.

The *Destroyer*, over whose delivery some legal complications may ensue, was designed by the great Ericsson, of *Monitor* fame, forty years ago, and the inventor devoted much of his later life to perfecting her. She is a mere shell, designed principally to show the working of a submarine gun, which is really the chief feature of the vessel. Her dimensions are: length, 130 feet; beam, 12 feet; depth, 11 feet; with a displacement of 250 tons. Her bow and keel are exactly alike. Her rudder is attached to the keel and is worked by hydraulic pistons. A heavy armor plate, placed at an angle of forty-five degrees, about thirty feet back of the bow, on the upper deck, is supposed to deflect any projectile striking bows on. The submarine gun consists of a 16-inch breech loading apparatus, about thirty feet long, firmly fixed in the framework of the hull. It has a slight depression, and must be aimed by pointing the vessel's bow directly at the object of attack. The projectiles are cylinders about twenty-seven feet long with tapering noses and tails. They are of steel, and each weighs 1,530 pounds and has a bursting charge of 300 pounds. Ten of these projectiles will be taken with the *Destroyer*.

The vessel which is expected to create havoc in Admiral Mello's fleet is the meteoric steam-yacht *Feisen*, which is being fitted with a torpedo-tube at City Island. The *Feisen* is credited with a speed of thirty-one miles an hour, and made a sensation during the recent trial races for the America's Cup. She is ninety-three feet long, having been lengthened seven feet forward to carry the torpedo-tube. She is 9 feet 6 inches wide, has 3 feet 4 inches draught, and is of 15 tons displacement. She is fitted with quadruple-expansion engines, and cost nearly \$30,000. She will be carried on *El Cid*'s deck.



FRANCIS F. UNDERHILL ON SIDNEY DILLON RIPLEY'S MOLLY.



CHARLES A. BAUDOUIN, JR.'S, TANDEM.



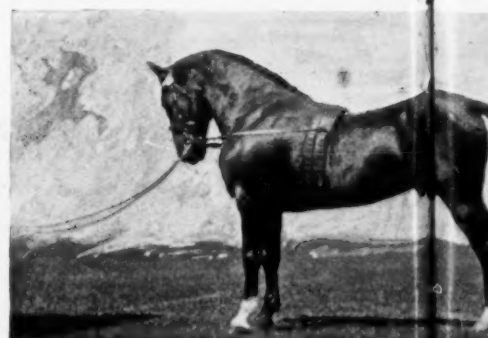
JUDGING LADIES' SADDLE-HORSES.



LOOKING FOR DEFECTS.



JUDGING PARK HACKS.



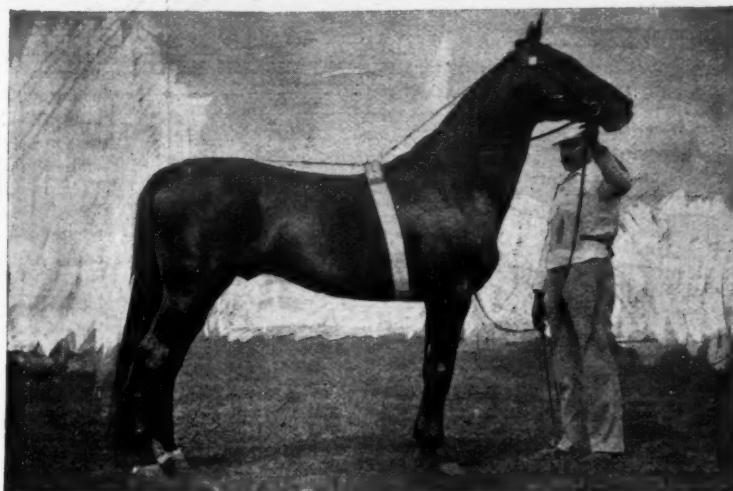
HACKNEY STALLION, FASHION.



J. H. SHULTZ, JR., DRIVING W. GOULD BROKAW'S ROADSTERS.



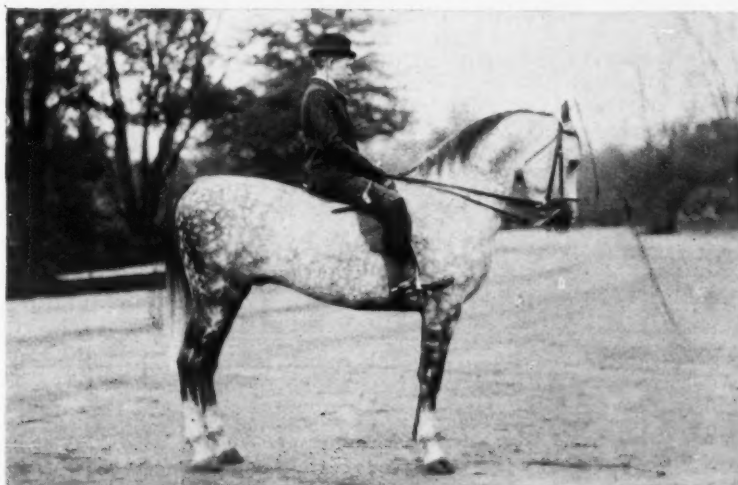
EUGENE HIGGINS'S COACH WITH MR. HIGGINS ON THE BOX-SEAT.



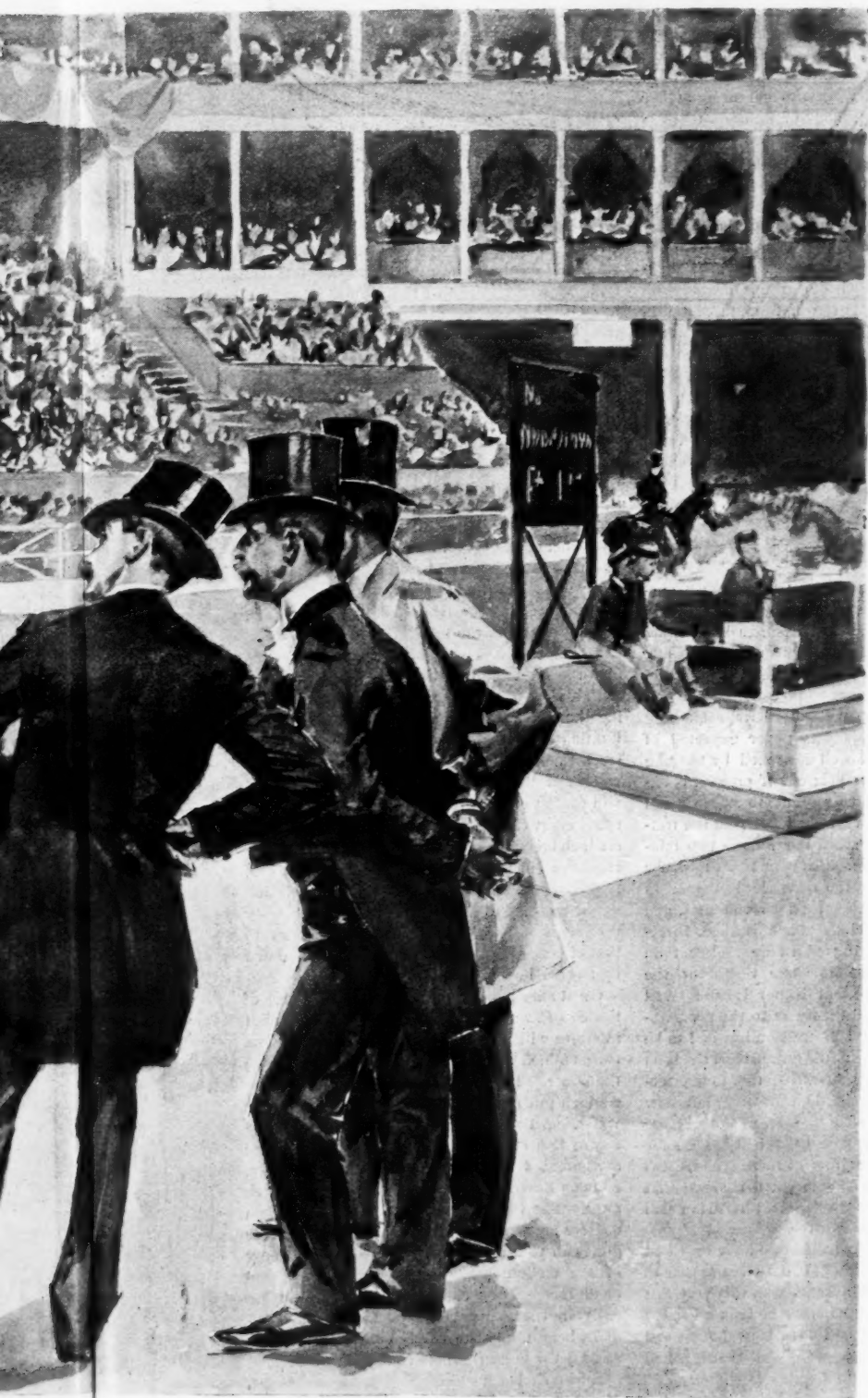
KING OF TROTTERS, QUARTERMASTER.



MITCHELL HARRISON'S HIGH-STEPPER, ULRICO.



W. E. D. STOKES'S ARAB, BRED BY COUNT ORLOFF.



J. H. SHULTZ, JR.'S, HIGH-STEPPING CART-HORSE, HELEN.



LINING UP FOR FINAL DECISION.

College Night at "Old Vienna."

THE summer is over; class-room and campus have claimed their own, and College Night at Old Vienna has become a bit, and a most picturesque bit, of the history of the fair. It was there, and not in the palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, that the most vigorous and effective exhibit of American colleges and universities was to be found. In the "Old Austrian Village," amid surroundings as quaint and as interesting as itself, the student-life of the nation found its voice—and such a voice! The Dahomeans just below paused, awe-struck, in



THE OLD NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

their interminable war-dance, and the whoop of the discouraged Indians across the Midway died, half uttered on their lips.

The genus student is always interesting, if sometimes uncertain. The vivacity, the energy, the spirit of good-fellowship, touched into freer life by the carelessness of freedom, stimulated by temporary separation, and dignified by fervent loyalty, appeal irresistibly to observer and participant alike; and nowhere was their expression so pronounced as at "Old Vienna" on Wednesday nights. The gathering of the clans originated at the time of the college base-ball contests in July by the merest chance—and, the more delightful from this spontaneity, grew into an established institution, till there were few college men in Chicago who did not find their way thither.

It is the close of the afternoon when we turn our backs on the fair White City. Façade and tower and dome, with all their exquisite beauty intensified in the softened lights, point the magnificent distances, and presage in their quiet

vigorously skirls the pipes; the Tyrolean peasants yodel sweetly as we pass; the Swiss with Alpine horn salutes the sinking sun; and the muezzin's call to prayer floats out to inform Cairo; the chair-boys thread their swift way among the throngs; the bearers of the sedan-chairs clear a passage with their peculiar cry; and the great Wheel clanks rhythmically in slow revolution.

Just below the Wheel, on the left of the Midway, rise the turrets and battlemented walls of Old Vienna. Irregular in outline, antique in aspect, and picturesque in design, the structure decidedly attracts, and we push through the low-browed Gothic gateway into the pebbled court. The air quivers with delicious harmony

from the orchestra in the centre of the court while we make the circuit, with a nod here and a "how-d'ye-do" there, now a hand-grasp and again a still more vigorous greeting, as we recognize recent acquaintances or old college friends. If we sit just southwest of the orchestra we are in the thick of it all. At the table next us two members of the Yale corporation and a couple of Harvard overseers are discussing a dignified dinner; further over a group of undergraduates are improving their German by an interchange of jest and a sally of gallantry with the buxom bar-maids. Yonder a brace of professors are dining with the stroke-car of a victorious crew; and just beyond, a stocky young foot-ball captain, his ferocity laid aside, is seating a bevy of maids, who count College Night an incident of the fair not to be missed.

The daylight fades, and with the dusk the picturesqueness of our surroundings deepens. The gray, stuccoed walls, centuries old in appearance, rear themselves to the red-tiled roofs with their numberless quaint gables; here a dormer



IN "OLD VIENNA."

dignify the silence of the night. We should stagger without the shocks of contrast—from the beautiful to the grotesque, from repose to restless and continuous motion, from silence to babel itself, under the viaduct into the Midway. The Plaisance is at the climax of its day's existence. Crowds throng the broad avenue; there is the tread of restless feet and the chatter of restless tongues. Here a glimpse of a swart face, there the flash of a brilliant costume, now the shrill of an Oriental vender, again the plaintive reed and the tom-tom in monotonous repetition. The gallant Highlander, marching up and down before the forty international beauties,

with its diamond paces, there a pair of odd little turrets or a bunch of peculiar chimney-stacks. The old night-watchman, who may have stepped out of Mediæval story, lights his lantern, shoulders his spear, and marks with his low chant the flight of time. The music, which has all this time been swelling, falling, floating dream-like on the air, leading us out of ourselves into romantic imaginings, ceases. The hush is broken only by the monotonous call of the watch or the murmur of college gossip.

Suddenly, from a group of a dozen men yonder, rise the nine sharp "Rahs" with a "Yale" at the end of them, which shatter the silence

and breathe a challenge of defiance or of comradeship. From the other side of the court comes the answering drawl of Harvard, and quick on its heels the rocket "Siss! Boom! Ah!" of the men from Princeton. There is a scurrying hither and thither; from all quarters of the court are hurrying men, eager to join their particular standard and add their voices to the general hubbub. It is a time of excited enthusiasm; and it is hard to sit still, if academic memories linger in even the dustiest corners of the mind. Tables are pulled together, and forces massed. A hundred voices in swelling chorus raise the song, "Here's to good old Yale," half as many men from Cambridge respond with "Fair Harvard," while a scarcely smaller group of Princetonians sing the praises of "Old Nassau." Pandemonium reigns. Cheer and song fly back and forth in swift interchange or in confusing coincidence. Crowds surround the collegians to watch the sport; the waiters stand by in quiet resignation or wrestle frantically with hydra-headed orders. The college men are, for the time, in possession of the place, and there are enough of them to take care of it. From venerable Harvard with centuries at her back, to the infant prodigy of Chicago, there is scarcely an institution that is not represented, and does not voice its enthusiasm.

But the student body, though eccentric and irresponsible, is rarely discourteous; and when the orchestra takes its place, and they become aware of the return of a gentler harmony, their own vigorous music ceases, their cheers die lingeringly, the unwieldy groups disintegrate and knots of intimates return from public ceremony to private pleasures. Expressed fellowship is silent, but experienced fellowship grows with the night, and as the last group strolls up the Midway, swarming now with its own released populace, it is with a stored experience that will outlast grander impressions, and will abide in the memory, as the jolliest recollection of the fair—College Night at Old Vienna.

GEORGE E. ELIOT.

Trotter vs. Pacer.

THE development of the trotting-horse during the past two decades has pretty nearly ruined all of the accepted theories as to how fast a horse could be made to trot. To get below two minutes and twenty seconds, that is, to do a mile in that time, used to be considered, when men now in middle life were boys, something phenomenal, and this was never expected of any trotter save one well seasoned by training and age. Now a two-year-old of promise is expected to do this, and we refuse to be surprised at any achievement that does not take the trotting record down toward the mile in two minutes. And we are precious near there now, for Nancy Hanks went the distance last year in only four seconds more than two minutes, and this year that marvelous young stallion, Directum, has repeatedly trotted a mile in less than two-eighths, and once he came very near the record time of the great Nancy Hanks. And still another accepted theory as to the comparative speed of pacers and trotters has had to be abandoned. It has until quite recently been accepted that pacing was from two to five seconds faster in the mile than trotting, but now the records stand side by side, as the gelding Mascot has done a mile as quickly as Nancy Hanks's best. But neither of these records was made in a race, and all sportsmen concede that a record where horse goes against horse is much more valuable and conclusive.

The greatest racing trotter we have ever had is the stallion Directum. It does not appear to make a great deal of difference to this very fast and very game horse whether he is in a contest with other horses or not. He is so honest and so steady that he does usually all that is asked of him, and appears to be always willing to do the best that is in him. He has trotted the fastest mile ever trotted in a race, and the fastest three heats ever performed under the same conditions. Enthusiastic language will be pardoned when used in speaking of such a horse as this, and the gushing words, marvel, wonder, phenomenon, and so on and so on, are very rightly applied.

The lovers of harness racing had been on the tip-toe of excitement for weeks on account of the match that was arranged between Directum and Mascot at Fleetwood Park on the 2d of November. Lovers of this kind of sport came hundreds of miles to see the match decided, for there was a general feeling that each horse was meeting a worthy opponent. Of course the trotter was the popular favorite, for trotting is a more popular gait than the ungainly pacing, which is frequently called "side-wheeling" on account of the peculiar motions of the horse.

There were quite twelve thousand persons

present at the match, and this in despite of the fact that there was no pool-selling, no book-making. This multitude of people went for the sport. Whether they were disappointed or not the writer cannot say. In none of the heats was there really any contest. Directum won all three heats with so much ease that he always seemed to be well within himself, and have much speed in reserve. And the heats were trotted in the very fast time of 2.10½, 2.07½, and 2.08½. This, it must be said, was over a track that is slow in comparison with many others, and on this day it was rather soft.

It is a pity that Nancy Hanks has not been at her best this season, so that she might have met Directum in addition to trying to lower her record. But she is young yet, and if her front legs—rumored to be somewhat shaky—hold out, we may yet see her keep up the two-minute clip for an entire mile. But even though Mr. Malcolm Forbes's mare do not this great thing, we can pin our hopes to this young stallion, Directum, a horse as wonderful in power and speed as he is high in courage and honest in action.

The Battle-ship "Oregon."

THE launching of the big battle-ship *Oregon*, which occurred at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, on the 26th ult., was an occasion of great interest, and attracted a vast concourse of spectators. The *Oregon* is the first great war-ship built on the Pacific coast, and that fact had its influence in deepening the popular interest in her launching. The ceremony was unique in the fact that the cord connecting the dog-shores, instead of being severed by the historic hatchet, was cut by a guillotine set free by the pressing of an electric button. The guillotine in its fall severed the cord which held two twenty-five-pound weights in position. These weights struck the dog-shores, and, knocking them out, set the vessel in motion. At the same moment one of the young ladies officiating pressed another button, allowing a bottle of California champagne to crush against the bow in a thousand pieces and spill its contents over it. Thus was the big ship christened on her departure from the ways, down which she glided easily into the bay.

The *Oregon* is a sister ship to the *Massachusetts* and the *Indiana*, and like them was designed with a view of meeting in battle vessels carrying the heaviest guns and armor. She has great fighting capacity, and has a draught sufficiently small to enable her to be operated in the shallow waters of the Atlantic coast. Her armament will consist of four thirteen-inch breech-loading rifles, eight eight-inch breech-loading rifles, four six-inch breech-loading rifles, twenty six-pound rapid-fire guns, six one-pounder rapid-fire guns, two Gatlings, and six torpedo-tubes. It is believed by the Navy Department that this battery represents a weight of armament superior to that of any of the latest battle-ships laid down by foreign Powers.

Great care has been taken in the disposing of the *Oregon's* great battery that one gun may not interfere with the line of fire of another. The thirteen-inch guns are nearly eighteen feet above the water. They have large arcs of train. The six-inch guns are nearly fifteen feet above the water. All the six-inch guns fire across the centre line of the ship. The eight-inch guns are mounted twenty-five feet above the water, and can fire over the top of the thirteen-inch guns. The latter guns have a train of fourteen degrees across the middle line of the ship. These guns can pierce at two miles the armor of many of the modern armored cruisers of great coal endurance. They can be brought into action early in the engagement, on account of their great height, and can be used with great effect against the lighter-armored and unarmored parts of a heavier battle-ship.

The six-inch guns are protected by five inches of armor, and have two-inch splinter bulkheads worked around the deck, inside of which the ammunition is sent up. The six-pounder guns, where mounted between decks, have two-inch armor worked around them. When exposed to the open, they have the usual service shields. The one-pounder guns are protected by two inches of steel. There is a ten-inch armored conning tower, with a seven-inch tube for protecting the voice-pipes, electric-wires, and steering connections.

The powerful secondary battery of the ship is a noteworthy feature. The guns of this latter battery are so disposed that a stream of projectiles may radiate from the vessel, such a stream as would lead to the almost certain destruction of any light boat venturing within range.

The *Oregon* carries one military mast, which rises above the conning tower. This mast carries two tops for rapid-fire and machine guns. The

ammunition is sent up to the tops in the tubes of the mast.

The Horse-Show.

THE ninth annual horse-show, which opened at the Madison Square Garden on the 13th inst. to continue one week, is a success. This question was settled on the day of the sale of boxes, when society people offered their support by bidding good prices for the choice of boxes. The sum realized covered the amount of premiums offered, and as the sale of seats and membership badges beforehand also brought in a handsome revenue, financial success was assured before the doors opened. But the exhibition is a success this year from another standpoint—the horse. There are not so many entries, but a glance over the book will show a better average than heretofore, and that the exhibitors have been narrowed down to close competition. The knowledge of this fact is not only a relief to the managers, but to the spectators as well, for it relieves both of the long delay in the making of awards. In the past hundreds of horses were entered in the different classes that did not possess the slightest qualifications for a ribbon, and the only excuse for their appearance in the ring was the prominence such entry gave the respective owners. So the exhibition this year is purely a business one, with an array of brilliant personages in attendance, intermingled with the sweet strains of an unsurpassed orchestra to break the monotony caused by careful judging.

The thoroughbred class is well represented in Macbeth, by Macaroon, dam Jersey Belle, the famous sire of hunters, and with him in the class is Devotee, winner of the Metropolitan Handicap of 1881, imp. Lunar Eclipse by Xenophon, dam Vectis, the blue-ribbon winner Saxony by imp. Saxon, dam Enquies, Elect and Ironside. In the thoroughbred trotting class Quartermaster, the blue-ribbon winner of previous years, by Alcyon, dam Sentinel, will again try for it against Alcantara, by George Wilkes, dam Alma Mater, Onward Boy, Pawnee, Monitor L, by Lavalard, dam Ida Wellington, and Bellini. For three-year-olds and under in the trotting classes the competitors are Regal King, Lavalard Wilkes, Carter, Albert Vernon, Seldom, Portrait, Elizabeth L, Minnie King, Lady Ellen, Corner Belle, and Belle Monta.

The thoroughbred and trotting classes interest only the breeders, and if the entire week was taken up in judging them and no other prizes offered, it is doubtful if the immense amphitheatre would be one-quarter filled during the show. It is the high-stepping roadsters, the dashing four-in-hands, the beautifully-formed hackneys, and the pretty tandems that bring wealth, fashion and people of all walks of life together, that they may rub elbows and forget for a week their respective positions and do homage to man's best friend—the horse. And they are not disappointed, either, for exhibitors eager to win a blue ribbon at any cost give orders to their carriage manufacturers for vehicles to be ready in time for the show, and when the spirited horses appear in the ring in front of perfectly appointed vehicles, reflecting like a mirror as a result of the painter's skill, the scene is most enchanting.

The carriage-horse classes have the largest number of entries, and the keenest sort of competition is usually the result. The conditions of the class require the horses to be shown before an appropriate vehicle, not any particular one, with the usual result that every kind of conveyance imaginable is driven in the ring, from a brand-new tandem cart to a road wagon, and the exhibition not only gives the spectators an idea of the latest novelties in the market, but the variety also makes the harness classes interesting. Among the exhibitors this year in the harness classes are Dr. W. Seward Webb, R. F. Carman, Harry W. Smith, Mrs. S. S. Howland, Miss Tailer, Mrs. H. B. Gilbert, Henry Fairfax, A. H. Moore, W. L. Elkins, Joseph Widener, Mitchell Harrison, A. J. Cassatt, Lanfear Norrie, John Wallace, and Randolph Ellis. The four-in-hand class has an admirable list of entries, in fact, the closest competition in years, and whoever wins the blue ribbon will certainly deserve it, for it will be a contest between the coaching stock in this country. Eugene Higgins, the crack whip of the Coaching Club, has two teams entered, while Colonel A. B. Hilton will show his well-known team of browns. Alfred de Cordova will also try for the ribbon, and among the others who have entered in the class are Charles Baudouine, Jr., Oliver H. P. Belmont, Dickman Brown, R. F. Carman, and Harry McLoughlin. In the tandem classes, among the principal entries are A. J. Cassatt, Charles A. Baudouine, Jr., J. H. McCredy, H. W. Smith, Mrs. J. C. Revall, W. H. R. Martin, Mrs. S. S. Howland, Lanfear Norrie, and Leonard Boyne.

A novelty was introduced this year in the way of a ladies'-saddle-horse class, to be ridden by ladies only. This class has induced a large number of fashionable ladies to enter their favorite saddle-horses and the judges have a very difficult task before them to pick out a winner from such choice stock. Among the exhibitors in this class are: Mrs. S. S. Howland, Mrs. A. R. Randolph, Mrs. Foxhall Keene, Miss Louisa Bell, Miss Aurora Sala, Mrs. Robert A. Osborne, Miss Mulford Martin, Miss Clara Ormiston, Miss Edna Johnson, and Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg.

The hunting classes never fail to attract the attention of the spectators and arouse the greatest enthusiasm. This year shows a better selection of hunters than ever, and from indications the hunters are in good form. The highest jump is six feet, and the different classes not only bring out all the crack hunters that follow the hounds two and three times a week in this vicinity, but also the famous gentlemen jockeys who have made reputations for themselves in the saddle. Among the hunters and owners who are trying for ribbons in this class are: Monmouth County Stables' Majestic and Long Longford, Sidney Dillon Ripley's Molly and Greyback, two ribbon winners, Hugh J. Grant's Oxford, Miss May Bird's Merryboy, and P. S. R. Randolph's Eric. A champion class for hunters will end up the show on Saturday evening. Only winners during the week can enter this class, a change having been made in the conditions of last year, which allowed winners in hunting classes of any horse show to compete in the champion classes.

As usual, the mounted municipal and park police will give an exhibition the latter part of the week for cash prizes. A horse-show without these two adjuncts would indeed be incomplete, and their entry into the ring never fails to arouse the greatest enthusiasm. They will go through the regular drill, perform difficult evolutions, and give an exhibition of catching a runaway in the park.

In conclusion, the management may be complimented upon the good judgment displayed in catering to the welfare of not only the exhibitors but the patrons of the show. The hand of good management seems in evidence everywhere, and the success which attends this year's exhibition is well deserved.

J. JEROME CARROLL.

England's Matabele War.

THE present war in Matabeleland, the domain of old King Lobengula in southeastern Africa, is meant to be Great Britain's finishing stroke in the heroic "civilization" of that vast and rich territory lying between the Congo Free State on the north and the Cape Colony on the south. The greater part of it is already absorbed by British protectorates. The Matabele are the last remaining hostile federation of warlike native tribes, being in fact an offspring of the famous Zulus who made such a fierce fight on the borders of Natal and the Transvaal, fourteen years ago. The present Matabele nation is said to number two hundred thousand people. It has been ruled for the last twenty-three years by the redoubtable King Lobengula, whose chief kraal or headquarters is Bulawayo, situated about half-way between the British protectorate of North Bechuanaland and Mashonaland, the territory lately ceded to the British South Africa Company. When this company's pioneers went to Mashonaland three or four years ago, they were protected by a treaty with Lobengula, which secured them from molestation by the Matabele en route. Since then, however, the younger warriors of that predatory nation, banded together in *impis*, or regiments of spearmen, under their respective *indunas*, the feudal chiefs of the kingdom, have begun to make hostile inroads into Mashonaland, which it appears Lobengula either cannot or will not restrain.

At any rate, this menace to a new and richly developing territory affords the Englishmen a good pretext; and the object of their present military expedition is to break up the Matabele federation, and drive its chiefs northward to the Zambesi River. The plan of this operation is based upon the favorable geographical position of the British armed stations with relation to Matabeleland; they surround it on three sides, at distances from its centre (Bulawayo) varying between one hundred and two hundred and fifty miles. Simultaneous advance from these stations has been made by small bodies of irregular troops, not exceeding two thousand five hundred in the aggregate. They consist of the troops in the service of the British East Africa Company, organized by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson; and the Bechuanaland Border Police, commanded by Colonel Goad Adams, with a native contingent furnished by Khama, a loyal ally in South Mashonaland. These forces have been fighting their way into the interior of

the Matabele country ever since the middle of October. At the present writing they appear to have hemmed in King Lobengula at Bulawayo, where it is expected the final battle will be waged with the main body of the Matabele army, numbering at least fifteen thousand warriors. Only a few of these, however, are armed with guns, the great majority fighting Zulu fashion with spears, assegais, battle-axes, and "knobkerries"—no match for the Martini-Henry rifles, sword-bayonets, and Maxim guns of the English. Still, the latter are suffering very serious embarrassments from the rains, the season having already set in, a month earlier than usual.

Of course, there can be but one final outcome of the "war"; and the spirit in which it is waged by Great Britain is perfectly illustrated by the utterance of Colonel Carrington, late commander of the Bechuanaland Border Police, in a recent interview with an *Illustrated London News* representative. Being asked if the annihilation of Lobengula would not definitely settle the question of civilization in those parts, the colonel replied: "Of the northern part of South Africa only; for the Pondoos must undoubtedly be dealt with some day, and possibly in the not distant future. At the present moment, however, the Matabele are the great stumbling-block of the country—emigration, trade, in fact, everything, being affected by the present crisis. This is why I feel convinced that there must be no shilly-shallying with this expedition. It must be a clean job, or not at all; for if the niggers gain the slightest advantage now there will be no end of trouble, and trouble which may spread to other parts of South Africa, for among natives the war-fever is contagious."

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE SPANISH-RIFFIAN TROUBLE.

THE trouble between Spain and the Riff tribes of Morocco, near Melilla, while apparently insignificant in its beginning, is coming to attract the attention of surrounding countries because of the possibilities which it involves. Melilla is a fortified town, situated on a rocky peninsula on the northeast coast of Morocco, just across the Mediterranean from Spain, and connected with Fort Rosario on the heights beyond by lines of ramparts. It has been in possession of Spain since 1653, and the limitations of the Spanish territory were outlined by a treaty with the Sultan of Morocco executed in 1862. The area is about twenty-one miles square. Unfortunately the Madrid government neglected, until 1889, to have this limit absolutely fixed and the inside territory regularly occupied. As a result there has always been more or less trouble in the relations with the Riffians, who are of warlike and aggressive character. Nominally, the thirty-two tribes comprising the Riff are tributary to the Sultan of Morocco; but he finds it necessary, whenever he desires to collect the tribute, to send a large army against them for the purpose. The Riffs number in all about thirty thousand men of fighting age.

The recent trouble had its origin in an attack on a fort built by the Spanish on the frontier of the Melilla territory. This attack was the outcome of their gradual approaches, and the immediate motive of it was the fact that the fort dominated a holy place of the Moslems. The Spanish government immediately hurried reinforcements to the scene, and since that time fighting of a more or less desperate character has been in progress. In one engagement on the 28th of October, the Spanish commander-in-chief was killed while leading a sortie. The tribesmen, although under a heavy artillery fire from the Spanish fort, drove back the Spanish troops, and for a time held the trenches which had been occupied by them. Subsequently, however, the tribesmen were repulsed, fighting with an audacious bravery, however, that extorted even the admiration of their enemies. In this engagement the Riffians had some eleven thousand warriors on the field.

The news of this engagement created intense excitement in Madrid, and the government at once hurried forward several battalions of troops and batteries of artillery. The reserves have been called out, and it is intended to mobilize several armed corps with a view to making short work of the defiant tribesmen.

Some apprehension is felt among the European Powers lest Spain should attempt, as a result of any success which she may gain in this quarrel, to increase her possessions in Morocco. If she should do so the other nations will be quite likely to follow her example, and thus this apparently trifling affair may, under certain conditions, lead to a general conflict. Our picture on another page is that of a typical Riffian warrior,

THE ENGLISH-ITALIAN ALLIANCE.

We have already illustrated some of the striking incidents of the recent visit of the Russian admiral and naval officers to France, and referred to the significance of the event as indicative of a probable closer alliance between those Powers. Simultaneously with this demonstration, another was in progress in Italian waters which was hardly less significant. This was the visit of the British Mediterranean squadron, under Admiral Seymour, to Taranto and Spezzia. The visiting squadron was received with great enthusiasm, but the popular welcome, while hearty and genuine, lacked the picturesque and extravagant features of that bestowed upon the Russians by the emotional Parisians.

A COLISEUM LECTURE.

The Coliseum at Rome is an object of interest to all tourists, but it is especially so to archaeologists, who have by their explorations disclosed many facts of value and importance. Recently, during an archaeological conference, a lecture was given within the historical precincts, as shown in our illustration from the *London Graphic*. One can hardly imagine a more fitting place for a discourse upon the architecture of the times of Vespasian and Titus.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF RIO.

The bombardment of Rio de Janeiro by the insurgent fleet has continued in a desultory fashion for several weeks, but no severe damage has been done to life or property. It has, however, caused more or less excitement among the populace, and one of our pictures, reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*, depicts the scene in the city during one of the more vigorous of the daily assaults.

A BIG WAR-SHIP.

The Italian navy has received another formidable addition in the *Italia*, said to be the largest war-ship in the world. The vessel has 15,000 tons displacement, is 400 feet long, 74 feet beam, with 18,000-horse power, and carries four 100-ton guns and twenty-four smaller guns.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Rev. Dr. John Hall.

A FACE wherein is exhibited great steadiness of purpose and continuity of intention. Stability and adherence to idea and principle are marked, and there is expressed a rigid power of resistance. The mouth, with lips firmly pressed, is eloquent of a will power which is further borne out by tenacious chin and steady upper lip. The eyes have in their depths that expression which makes them the portals of the brain. It is a vision which seeing, sees, even as the ears, hearing, understand. In this face self and self-interest have no part. The lips, though

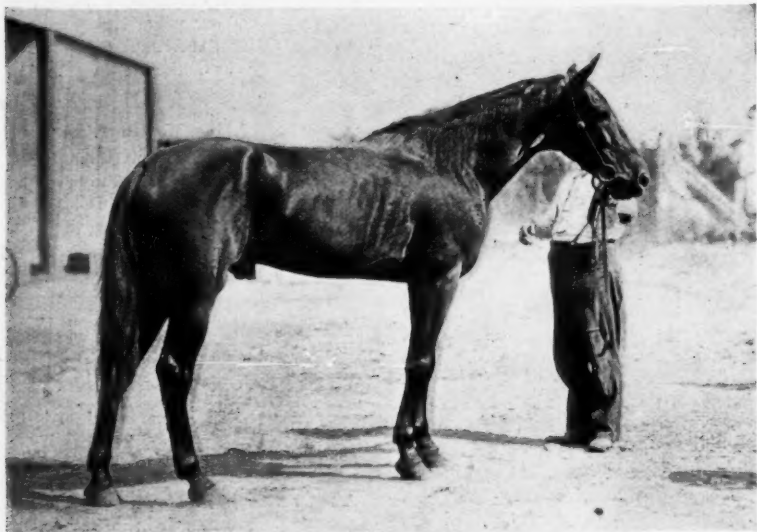


REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

firm, are not lacking in warmth, not devoid of sympathy. But it is a sympathy acquainted with the world, and which it would be most difficult to deceive. The intellect is even and reliable in its judgments. Is never impulsive, is inclined to decide all points from a calm standpoint of reason. It is not of the order which dazzles by the glamour of its rapidity and brilliant sparkle, but rather it is a dependence, a support, is stable and a guide. Its eloquence would never mislead, and its voice is guarded by an upright principle and a deep sense of loyalty and responsibility.



THE NEW NAVY—LAUNCH OF THE BATTLESHIP "OREGON" AT THE UNION IRON-WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 26TH.
 PHOTOGRAPH BY TABER, OF SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 320.]



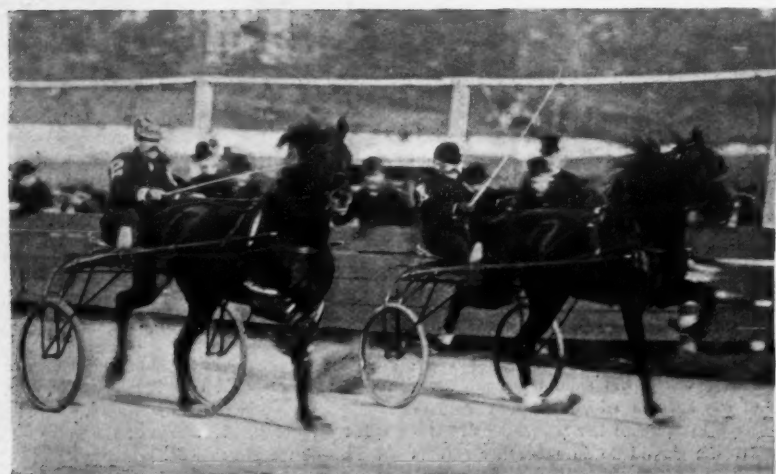
DIRECTUM.



MASCOT.



DIRECTUM WINNING THE SECOND HEAT.



SCORING FOR SECOND HEAT.



CLAYTON AND REFERENCE DOING A MILE IN 2:18 1/4.

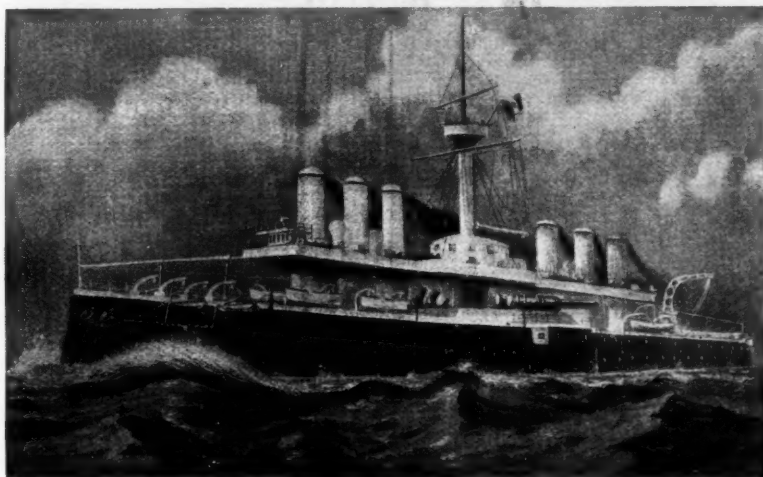
TROTTER VS. PACER—THE RECENT RACE BETWEEN DIRECTUM AND MASCOT, WON BY DIRECTUM, AT FLEETWOOD PARK, NEW YORK.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 320.]



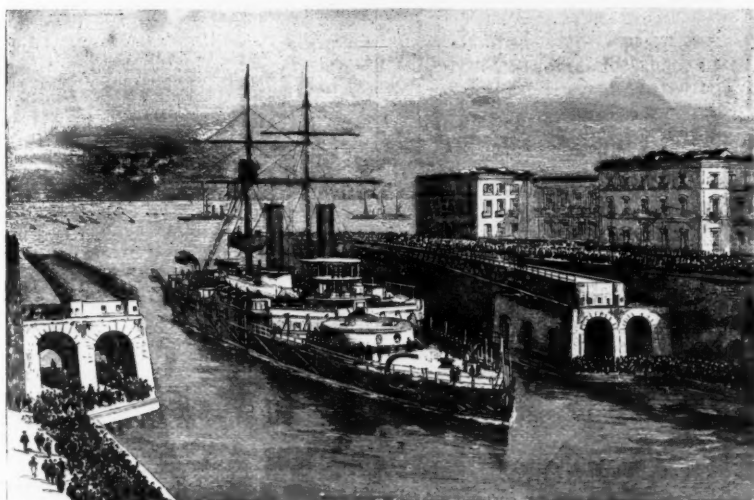
THE TROUBLES OF SPAIN WITH THE RIFF TRIBESMEN OF MOROCCO—A TYPICAL RIFFIAN.



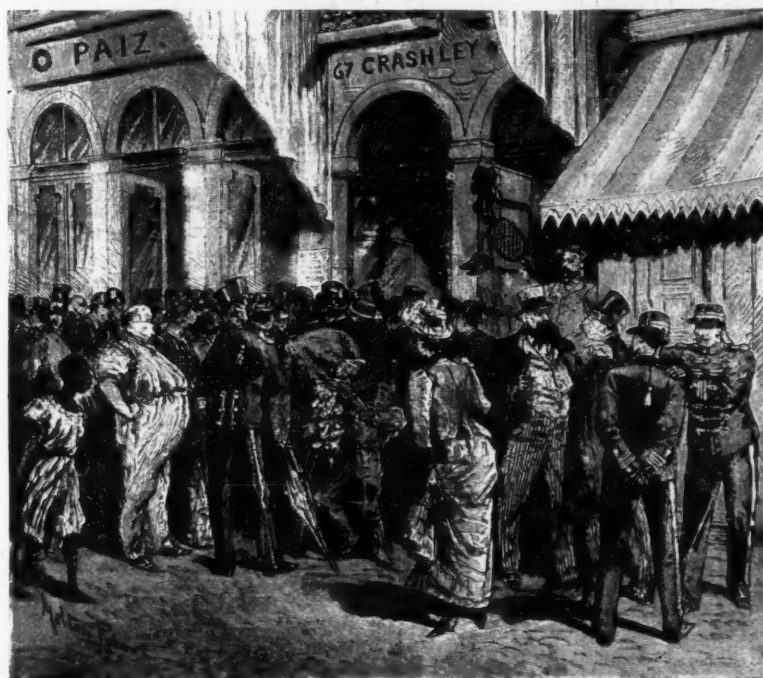
ARCHEOLOGISTS IN ROME—A LECTURE IN THE COLISEUM.



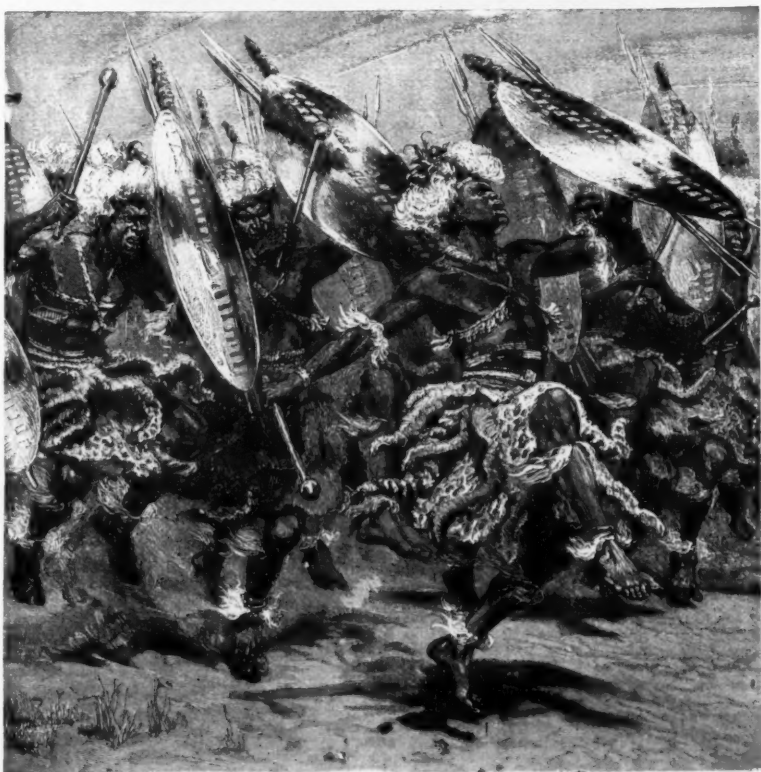
THE "ITALIA" (OF THE ITALIAN NAVY), THE LARGEST WAR-SHIP IN THE WORLD.



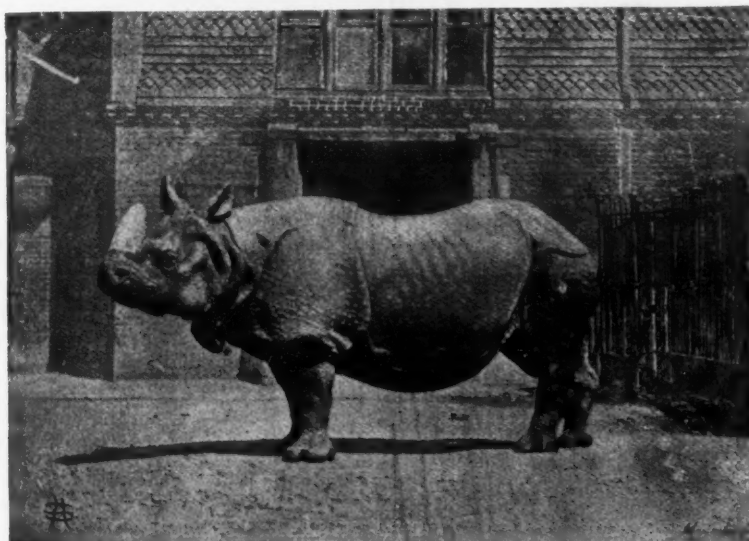
THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON TO ITALY—THE ADMIRAL'S FLAG-SHIP ENTERING THE PORT AT TARANTO.



THE BRAZILIAN TROUBLES—SCENE IN RIO DE JANEIRO DURING A BOMBARDMENT—READING TELEGRAMS AT A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



THE WAR IN MATABELELAND—MATABELE WARRIORS STARTING ON A MILITARY EXPEDITION.



"OLD JIM," THE RHINOCEROS AT THE BRITISH ZOO.

Brown's Household Panacea. "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25 cents a bottle.

VERY LIKE.

JACK—"Did it ever strike you that a marriage is very similar to a house on fire?"
"No. Why?"

Jack—"Well, they both arise from a spark, and the result is about as dangerous in both cases."—*Judge.*

THE reader may be assured that, if it had been possible, all the advertised blood-purifiers in the land would have been seen at the World's Fair. As it was, Rule 15, which prevented the exhibition of patent medicines and experimental compounds, kept them out, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla alone was admitted. This high indorsement of an already popular remedy, should convince anyone that scientific men consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best.

TOO EARLY.

"BEEN fishing?"
"Yes."
"Catch anything?"
"Yes."
"What?"
"I don't know yet. I'll have to ask the doctor."—*Judge.*

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 18 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Telford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

A "COUP DOUBLE."

MAISIE—"Mrs. Homeleigh, have you got another face?"

Mrs. Homeleigh—"No, my dear, what makes you ask?"

Maisie—"Well, I heard mamma say you were two-faced; but I thought if you had another face you wouldn't wear the one you do."—*Judge.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON took great delight in drinking Marie Brizard & Roger's Anise with General Lafayette at his home in Mt. Vernon. For sale everywhere. T. W. STENNER, Union Square, New York.

WESTERN NOMENCLATURE.

TOURIST—"You've got rather a nice town here for its size."

Western—"Town? Say, young feller, if yer want ter git back home ter yer ma, don't be callin' these 'ere western metropolises towns."—*Judge.*

WITH nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women Bromo seltzer take.

WE recommend Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters to those who suffer with dyspepsia.

ADVANCE IN PRICE OF COAL

need not increase the cost of other necessities. Housekeepers and mothers can still obtain the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk at a reasonable price. Its quality has been maintained for over thirty years without an equal. Grocers and druggists.

THE Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial and baby blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair free.



HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



EVERY one who has had the pleasure of visiting the country in summer time knows how exquisite is the odor of NEW MOWN HAY, AND THE PERFUME OF WILD FLOWERS. Equally delightful is the SWEET, BALMY BREATH which is allotted to every young lady who uses

CONSTANTINE'S

PERSIAN HEALING

PINE TAR SOAP

But this is not the only advantage which this REMARKABLE PURIFYING agent affords to its patrons. It BEAUTIFIES THE TEETH and makes them SHINE LIKE PEARLS; removes from the face every trace of UNSIGHTLY ERUPTIONS; keeps the scalp FREE FROM DANDRUFF, and gives to the cheeks a fresh and

ROSE-LIKE COLOR

WHICH CHARMS ALL BEHOLDERS. This ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE PINE TAR SOAP is for sale by druggists generally.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

E. GRILLON, 38 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.

LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.



For Body and Brain.

SINCE 30 YEARS ALL EMINENT PHYSICIANS RECOMMEND

VIN MARIANI

The original French Coca Wine; most popularly used tonic-stimulant in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

Nourishes Fortifies Refreshes

Strengthens entire system; most AGREEABLE, EFFECTIVE and LASTING Renovator of the Vital Forces.

Every test, strictly on its own merits, will prove its exceptional reputation.

PALATABLE AS CHOICEST OLD WINES.

Illustrated Book Sent Free, address:

MARIANI & CO., NEW YORK

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

"BARKER, what's your opinion of Marlow?"
"Do you want my professional opinion or just my casual impression?"
"Well, professional."
"He's an ass."
"What's your casual opinion?"
"He's another ass."
"What's the difference?"
"I charge twenty-five dollars for the first."—*Judge.*

MAKING SURE OF IT.

HOST—"I hate to send you out in such a blustering night as this, old fellow."
Guest—"It is raining pretty hard. I say, couldn't you lend me your umbrella?"
Host—"Certainly; and—er—I guess I'll walk home with you myself. I really need the exercise."—*Judge.*

"I do not Eat Pastry."

How often you hear this expression, and the explanation that usually follows: "I am troubled with dyspepsia." The cause of this is not far to seek. In the past lard has been used as the principal shortening in pastry—the result dyspepsia. The dyspeptic need no longer be troubled, providing

COTTOLENE

is substituted for lard in the preparation of all food. It is composed strictly of highly refined vegetable oil and beef suet. When used as a shortening, it produces wholesome and healthful pastry. Physicians and expert cooks everywhere indorse it. Give it a trial yourself.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers.



Made only by
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
CHICAGO,
St. Louis, Montreal,
New York, Boston,
Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.

DIXON'S AMERICAN PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 16c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

LADY WANTED

at home, to assist in preparing addresses, also other writing and easy office work. \$25 to \$30 per week entire year. If convenient enclose stamp. WOMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE TOILET CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. (Jan.)

HOW TO MAKE OTHERS LOVE AND OBEY YOU.

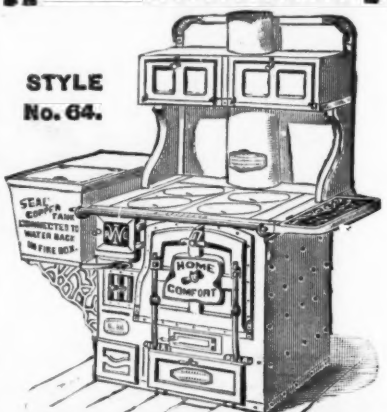
100-page book, 10c. Hypnotic Photos (love scenes, etc.) 6 for 50c. National Inst. L. I. W., Chicago.

THAT which makes KINCLY MEN whom wives and sweethearts adore, FRANK JEREMY LINE, Jersey City, N. J.

YOUR MONEY IS RETURNED if you receive no benefit from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This fair and business-like offer is held out to all women who suffer from

the diseases and derangements peculiar to their sex. To weakly womanhood no prize could be more secure, nor the benefit more lasting, than that to be derived from the purchase of a bottle of this famous "Prescription." Its success in curing all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, warrants its makers in guaranteeing it. What this medicine has done for thousands of delicate women, it will do for you. At the two critical periods in woman's life, the change from girlhood to womanhood, and, later, the "change of life," it's an invaluable tonic and a soothing nerve, which can produce only good results. It cures cases of nervous prostration, insomnia, or inability to sleep, and many nervous disorders due to derangement of the functions.

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STEEL FAMILY RANGES

Made almost wholly of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL, will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout this Country and Canada.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 238,460.

MADE ONLY BY
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Factory: TORONTO, ONT.
Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.

HOTEL OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?

When you can get the Best at large prices in any quantity. Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes, Cook Books and all kinds of premiums given to club Agents. Good income made by getting orders for our celebrated goods. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P.O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAF OF STEWART HARTSHORN'S LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 5c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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A handsome fifty-two-page book, including two colored plates and an illuminated cover printed in eight colors.

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may well be said of the Superior Medicine, the standard blood-purifier,

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Its long record assures you that what has cured others will cure you

You leave New York at 3 p.m.; arrive at Chicago next morning at 10. Returning, leave Chicago at 2 p.m.; arrive in New York next morning at 11.15. This gives you a business day in Chicago, and returns you the third day in time for business in New York, PRACTICALLY MAKING THE TRIP IN TWO NIGHTS. This can only be done by the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central, fastest long-distance train in the world—another justification for the title, "America's Greatest Railroad."

The Exposition Flyer is full every day. To get good accommodations you must secure them several days in advance.

A FAREWELL LUNCH.

SKYHIGH (in restaurant)—"What's that you're eating, Algy—mushrooms?"

Algy—"Yes. Mabel has refused me. All is over. It's the latest way."—Judge.

ERIE LINES.

THE MOST POPULAR ROUTE TO THE

World's Fair.

SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS, with through Sleepers and Dining Cars, via CHAUTAUQUA LAKE AND NIAGARA FALLS. Choice of routes, going and returning. STOP-OVER PERMITTED.

Excursion tickets on sale at following offices: 401, 261, 291, 849 and 957 Broadway, 106 West street, Chambers st. and West 23d st. stations, 333 Fulton st., Brooklyn; 200 Hudson st., Hoboken and Jersey City Station. Circulars showing routes and rates can be obtained from Ticket Agents.

Portable Parlor

HEATERS

—AND—

Marvelous

FUEL

The only Fuel of its character in the Market.

Send for Catalogue.

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ON ACCOUNT OF EXCELLENCE IN EVERY RESPECT.

Highest score in quality and absolute purity.....	45	Points
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Commercial Importance of Brewery.....	20	"
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A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE.

"How about that murder case you had when I was in St. Louis, Brief?" asked one lawyer of another. "You defended the murderer, who was said to be worth half a million."

"Yes, I remember. It came out all right. I got his money."

"What became of him?"

"He was executed."—Judge.

TOO FRESH.

"Don't make a joke of that kind again," said the city editor to the new reporter who, in an interview about the failure of the Veragua fund, had referred to the duke as "a Spanish fly."

"What's the matter with it?" innocently asked the two.

"Matter with it? Why, a 'Spanish fly' never fails to draw."—Judge.

CHAUTAUQUA

is a household word. It stands for self-education at home. Parents and children often drift apart as the latter make rapid mental progress. Systematic

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC

reading prevents such separation. The majority of the 210,000 members are between 30 and 40 years. "Education ends only with life." Here is a definite plan for you. Join the great

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Write for detailed plans to JOHN H. VINCENT, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

Price 1 "Worth a Guinea a Box." 125c.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Dislodge Bile,
Stir up the Liver,
Cure Sick-Headache,
Female Ailments,
Remove Disease and
Promote Good Health.
Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.
Famous the world over.
Ask for Beecham's and take no others.
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Silk-and-Wool Fabrics.

WINTER STYLES AND COLORINGS.

ARMURE, COTELE, BENGALINE, VELOUTINE.

Fancy Armure, Coteline, and Barré effects, specially designed for Velvet and Satin trimmings and combinations.

SILK-AND-WOOL COATING FABRICS.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

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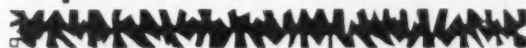
MISS JOHNSON—"Cic'ly, Mistah Spriggans said yes'day dat yo' were in de sere an' yaller leaf."

Miss Sprague—"Dat's a pos'tive untroof, Miss Johnsing. I'se in de sere, but eb'rybody knows dat I ain't yaller."—Judge.

Frank Leslie's Weekly

For 1894

\$4.00 per Year; 10c. per Copy.



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ITS ILLUSTRATIONS are the best published, and cover all subjects of importance to the people.

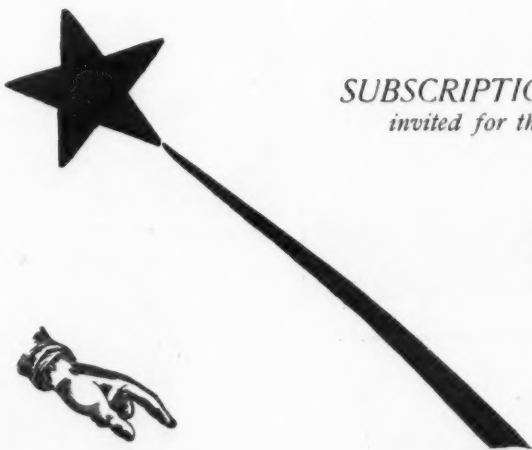
ITS EDITORIAL PAGE has no equal for broad discussion of public affairs.

ITS ARTICLES ON SPECIAL SUBJECTS, by the best writers of the day, are never stale.

ITS LITERARY FEATURES, by way of popular short stories, have no equal.

ITS WOMAN'S PAGE is always bright and full of timely suggestions.

Its Children's page, theatrical column, face studies and other features, are unexcelled.



HOME LIFE is Brightened
and Heightened by regular visits of

Frank Leslie's Weekly.

ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,

110 Fifth Avenue,

NEW YORK.



TIED.

FARMER—"What yer sittin' on thet fence fer?"

TRAMP—"Cause I'se tired, mister."

FARMER (scornfully)—"Tired! Tired of what, I'd like ter know?"

TRAMP—"Answering fool questions, mister."

Good Soup, Well Served

how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

Great Western
The Finest
CHAMPAGNE
In America.

Now used in many of the best Hotels, Clubs and Homes in Preference to Foreign Vintages.

A home product which Americans are especially proud of.
One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address,
Pleasant Valley Wine Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Gold Seal

"AS PURE
AS A
PRIMROSE."

THE PERFECTION OF

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

For Sale by
All Leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.

Urbana Wine Company,
URBANA, N. Y.

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MEDALS

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For various points of excellence, the
HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.

All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue.
Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent
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GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

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FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY
will close for the press November 15th. Every advertiser should be represented.

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The Best
BARNEY
AND
BERRY

SKATES

Catalogue FREE.
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COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.



E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white.
With the Gentlemen for Cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.
Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE For Gentlemen.

Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory to protect you against high prices. Dealers who make the price on unstamped shoes to suit themselves, charge from \$4 to \$5 for shoes of the same quality as **W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe**. If you wish to get the best shoes in quality for your money it will pay you to examine **W. L. Douglas Shoes** when next in need. Sent by mail, **Postage Free**, when shoe dealers cannot supply you. Send for catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

One
Makes 40 Soups

Nothing adds more to the flavor and zest of a soup than Beef Extract. But you need the best, and that is made near where the cattle graze. Our cattle are natives and are raised near at hand.

Rex Brand is not Burned or of Strong Animal Flavor, but is Aromatic and Appetizing.

Send 6c. stamps for sample package, mailed free.

THE CUDAHY PHARMACEUTICAL CO.,

South Omaha, Neb.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

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BEST LINE
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS
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DENVER
FOUR TRAINS DAILY

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Convenience
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effected in every household by the use of

Liebig Company's
Extract of Beef.

The best way to improve and strengthen Soups and Sauces of all kinds is to add a little of this famous product.

1784. **BARBOUR'S** 1893. IN EVERY VARIETY.
FOR HAND AND MACHINE WORK,
ALSO

Button-sewing, Lace-making, Embroidery, OR OTHER FANCY WORK.
Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout the Country.

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ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S LINEN LINED
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BEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR
25
FACTORIES TROY, N. Y.

BROWN'S
CAMPHORATED
SAPONACEOUS
DENTIFRICE
FOR THE
TEETH

The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Remove Tartar from the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Price, 25c. a Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

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